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TRÉSOR 1486

By LOOTA

"Montresor," an English-American Love story, 1854-1894. By Loota. (New York: F. Tennyson Neely.) This is an interesting, passionate, and sensational love story, so simply and eloquently told as to command the reader from the opening to the closing page. It illustrates most forcibly that "all is not gold that glitters." The opening chapter is one of deep sorrow. A mother loses her all, and is cast upon a foreign shore widowed and motherless. A daughter is born to her after the fatal accident at sea, and this little girl, Montresor, is the heroine. She is beautiful and accomplished, a born genius, and yet has the waywardness that resents all restraint, and it is her life, in a home of wealth, that is depicted in the pages. Palatial homes have more frequently skeletons in the closets than the more humble dwellings. The story uncovers these, and reads more like the chapters in some real lives than romance. It is a story full of sadness, but conveys a lesson; but such lessons are difficult to make use of in practical life. The world goes on repeating just such follies, and is never content to learn only from sad experience.

"Brichanteau, Actor."—From the French of Jules Clarette. (Boston; Little, Brown & co.) The author says in his dedicatory lines: "Life on the stage is the never-ending chase

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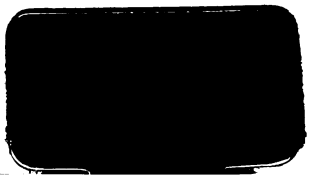

Mrs G. W. Smith
a Greeting from
Lorta

June 19-

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than a name.
It is a path, strewn
with the flowers of love
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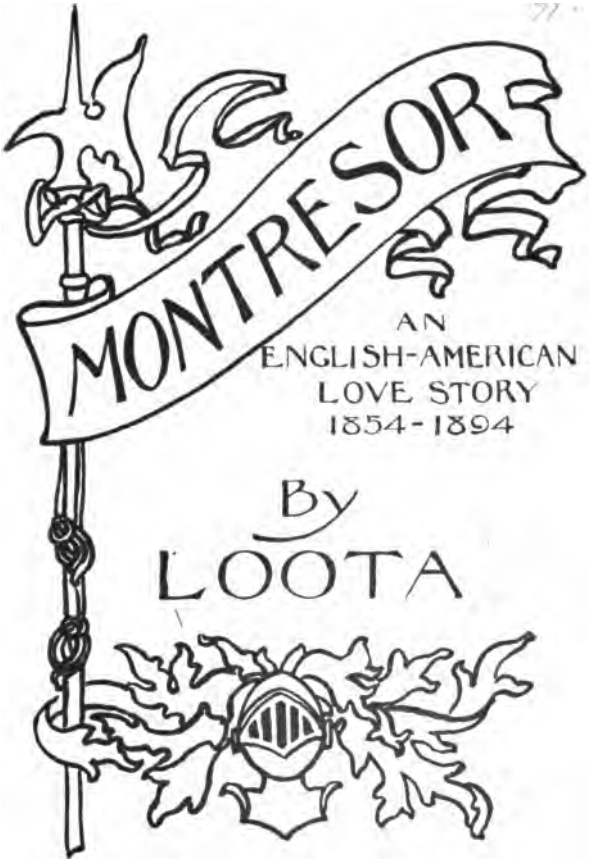

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In days of old
The story's told
When Norman Kings held sway
Of Vassal brave
And valour grave
To save the King one day
Offered his life
Amid the strife
Of Battle Steeped in gore
The King said rise
Sir Knight so wise
Henceforth be Mon-Tre-sor

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To my friends

The World for love and
passion may contend
Life's best consoler is a
faithful friend

TO MY FRIENDS.

The world for love and passion may contend.
Life's best consoler is a faithful friend.

The name of Montrésor was created in Caen, Normandie, in 1486, when one of the Kings knighted a vassal for bravery and loyalty.—*Loota.*

The story's told
In days of old
When Norman Kings held sway,
Of vassal grave
And valor brave,
To save the King, one day
Offered his life
Amid the strife
Of battle steeped in gore.
The King said rise
Sir Knight so wise,
Henceforth be Mon-trésor.

MONTRÉSOR.

CHAPTER I.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown."
— *Byron.*

Married at seventeen, I embarked on life with unusually brilliant prospects for a girl of my condition. My husband, an officer in a crack English regiment, a man of private means, a gentleman—with all that word implies in bonny England—gave

me, the daughter of an obscure curate, everything I possessed—everything to render the life of a proud, ambitious girl happy and content.

We were married in June, the month of roses, and we sailed for Calcutta in July, where I entered into the pleasures, dissipations, and discomforts only to be found in an East Indian Military Station.

In India our two boys were born, and we sailed from Calcutta for England just seven years after our arrival. Major Warberton, having attained the rank of colonel, decided to return home, and settle down to private life on his estate in Kent.

Shall I ever forget our home coming, my delight in being once more in dear old England?

What pride I had in my husband, and my boys—I could not sing their praises loud enough—and I built big "castles" and my heroes were Arnold and Frank.

Three years of happiness in our dear home. Colonel Warberton had been very ill with low-country fever before we left India, and it left him with a weakened constitution which the climate of England greatly aggravated. After consulting several of the most eminent physicians of London we decided to give up our English home, and to go to some southern district in the United States, the colonel hoping in that milder temperature to find restored health.

Our family ties were few; my dear father died during my stay in India, my mother was remarried and settled in Northern

England. The colonel's parents dead many years, made our family ties in England easily sundered.

My husband settled his affairs, leaving his interests in England in charge of his solicitors,—Barnwell, Stockbridge & Co., Cheapside, London.

We sailed with a party of friends (two gentlemen) their wives, and young children, for America in August, '64, expecting to spend some months travelling through the Southern States, and when we found a desirable location, purchase new lands and so form a little colony for ourselves.

How hopeful were our hearts, as we paced the deck of our good ship, "The New Zealand," each looking forward to a bright and happy future.

There is little more to tell. The fatal 27th of August dawned; amid wind, storm and hail, lightning flashed on every side; loud thunder crashed, and seemed to rend the ship asunder.

A flash! a crash! a lurch! our ship was struck by lightning. In a moment all was confusion, all despair. I remember our embarking in the small boats. I can see the blinding storm—our ship on fire—the pale, set faces of the men. I hear the hoarse calls of the sailors, the cries and shrieks of the women and children. I see my husband's pale face as he holds our two boys in his arms. I see our small boats drifting in mid-ocean. We were in the captain's launch, and nearest the burning ship. A piece of heavy burning tim-

ber fell from the ship, our boat capsized, and then oblivion!

I am awake! where am I! Where is Arnold, my husband; where are my boys! I am told I must not talk. A woman gives me a drink. She says "Madame must sleep, all is well."

Again I am awake. I am alone, in a small cabin, it does not seem to be an ordinary ship cabin, it is of fair size—comfortable but not luxurious.

I wonder where I am; on the ocean, I know, but where, oh where! Where is my husband! Again I call, "Arnold, Arnold, come to me."

A woman comes. She says, "Madame is better."

I grasp her arm. I hold her and cry

"Where am I? What has happened? Where is my husband? Tell me, oh please tell me why I am here." She lays a big, soft hand on my head, and gives me a kind, pitying look. Her eyes are full of tears as she says:

"Madame is on board the bark 'John Newton,' bound for New York. My husband is master. We expect to land in a few days. Madame has been very ill; was picked up at sea August 28th, noon; was found insensible in the bottom of a launch, amid floating timbers and the wreckage of a ship; no other survivors found. Try to be calm, madame. It is many weeks since then, it is now September; we have had a terrific passage, but hope to reach New York by the first of October. Madame

must rest now, do not try to talk until you are stronger."

I cannot speak, I seem to be stupefied with horror. I shut my eyes, but cannot weep, so dazed am I with despair. I seem to be waiting, I know not what for! The woman gives me a drink and some food, she begs me to try and rest. I am weak, I close my eyes, and God is merciful, I sleep.

The days are all alike. My good friend who proves to be the master's wife, comforts me as best she can. She tells me we will soon reach New York. She is a plain, matter-of-fact, kind hearted woman. She has lived for years on the sea in her husband's ship. She says she has a sister in Staten Island and that if I have no other

friends, I can go to her; that she is good and will take care of me.

October 21st. I am living in Staten Island with Mrs. Stowell. Her husband is a quarantine master. They are kind people, and their home, which is on the coast, is a restful, quiet one. I am glad to be here. Captain Robbins and his wife have sailed for Norway. They were so good to me, how can I ever return their kindness? Mrs. Robbins was like a gentle, kind mother. She brought me to her sister when she left New York. She said, "My dear, stay with Ann, she will see you safely through all your trouble, and John and I will always be your friends. Don't despair, my poor girl, there is lots of brightness in the world yet for you. You must

live for the dear one coming. Be brave! all will yet be well."

The captain came to see me to say good-bye. He brought me my few possessions—a small leather pocket which I always wore suspended around my neck. It contained a miniature of my husband, my jewels, and a few gold pieces. There was also a leather note case. It was my husband's, and was found in the pocket of a coat wrapped around me. It contained a letter of credit for a few hundred pounds; some letters of introduction to various people in America, and one of advice from Colonel Warberton's attorneys in London.

These were all my worldly possessions.

The captain explained that he had seen the British Consul in New York, and that

as soon as I was able I had better consult him, and through him communicate with my lawyers.

I am trying to take up the broken thread of my life. I have seen the British consul, I have been in consultation with Barnwell, Stockbridge & Co., and I find myself at twenty-seven, a widow, in comfortable circumstances, my husband's fortune being well invested in English securities. I am advised to return to England, but do not feel brave enough to undertake another sea voyage now—no I will remain here, I will begin my new life in the country my husband had chosen for our future home. I pray God to guide my footsteps. I feast my famished eyes on my dear Arnold's miniature, I dedicate my life to him.

Bowing my head, I call upon my God, and my departed dear ones, to hear me.

I cry, "Arnold, my beloved, revered, adored husband, rest with me in spirit, as in life; be my guide, my help in time of trouble, and stay my hand if I ever fail in my love and devotion to thee and thine."

CHAPTER II.

April, '65.

In the ides of March she cometh,
Borne 'neath an angel's wing,
She brings me joy and gladness,
E'en like the flowers in spring,
What is this new-found treasure,
This God given prize so dear?
Only a baby daughter,
Heaven sent, my heart to cheer,
Ah! what shall I name my darling?
Where find a name fit for thee?
I'll call thee Montrésor precious,
For *my treasure* thou shall be.

Is life worth living when all is lost? husband, sons, friends—I am the only survivor of our little party,—stranded, alone in a foreign country?

What have I to hope for? What have I to live for? Only my baby daughter, my little girl, come to me in a sea of trouble, drifted on the bark of "Fate;" sent to

share my sorrows, to bind my wounded broken heart. I hold my baby in my arms, and wonder what are the records, written in the "Book of Fate" for us. Shall I, must I, take up the burden of life again? Must I read the pages through and mark the records? Must I alone accept the charge of this new life, and guide her trembling footsteps over the rough stubble in the fields of life to the glorious sunshine of eternity?

My new born daughter, the only link between the past and present, soothes and comforts me. She opens her big dark eyes, and seems to tell me she has come to comfort and restore my broken heart. I clasp my darling to my heart, in warm embrace. I dedicate my life to her; she

shall be my will, my being, my sunbeam, my life,—Montrésor.

Montrésor was born March 14th, '65. I have been very ill, but am growing stronger. My baby is four weeks old to-day, and I am sitting up and holding her for the first time. Nurse Abigail is Scotch. She came from St. Luke's, and is highly recommended. She is about forty, I should think. She doesn't talk much and won't let me, but she is kind and good natured. She sings weird Scotch songs to baby. She calls her "wee bairnie," "wee-some," "winsome lassie oh!"

To-day is a gala day. Nurse says it is Montrésor's first birthday, for she is one month old. Baby is dressed in one of her prettiest gowns. I made it during the long

weary hours of waiting. Every stitch is a stitch of my life—a hope, a thought—a thread of Fate.

It is a pretty robe, all lace and soft dainty ruffles. My darling looks sweet in it. I am watching her face, I am trying to see a likeness to my husband. Yes, I think she will be like Arnold. Her eyes are large and dark, her hair is reddish golden, her hands are superb,—long tapering fingers and pink, shell-like nails. I nurse my darling, she falls asleep on my breast, and I too drift into slumber.

I dream I am in England with Arnold, my boys with us, and Montrésor also. Arnold hands me the baby. He and the boys kiss her and me. I awaken, nurse is taking baby. She says I must lie down.

My good friend Mrs. Stowell brings some supper, and chats with me. She has a letter from Captain and Mrs. Robbins, they will soon be home. They send love to baby and me.

September, '65.

To-day I begin a new life. I have taken a cottage in Staten Island, I am installed with Abigail as head keeper. She has accepted my offer to remain with Montrésor, and is to be head nurse and housekeeper.

My good friends Captain and Mrs. Robbins dine with us to-night, having returned last week.

Mrs. Robbins holds Montrésor; she calls the child "her sea waif," "her mermaid." She has brought her a beautiful necklace

of pink coral from Naples. Each bead is a cameo, a churub's head.

I have taken up my music, I am working hard. It will keep me occupied. I enjoy practising, and my voice is growing stronger. I love the old songs and ballads Arnold and I sang together. Montrésor must be taught the songs her dear father loved. I have a German music teacher and an Italian singing master; they amuse me very much. The German is an enthusiast on "Wagner;" the Italian raves about "Verdi." He declares the Germans don't know the meaning of the word music. I have met a number of people. The rector, Dr. Browne, is very nice; I like his daughters very much. They are

both older than I am, but they are very gushing and kittenish.

Miss Sybell said that "I ought to go more into society;" that I was "too young to shut myself up alone." She wants me to go to a boat race which is to take place next week. I have declined, I have no heart for entertainment, my life belongs to Montrésor. She is a lovely baby now, and has on her first short dress. She will be six months old on the 14th; it is now the 8th of September.

CHAPTER III.

It is June, I am in a hammock; Montrésor has just come in from school. She was ten last March. What have we done in all these years, say you? We have lived our simple uneventful lives, each day almost the same. Nurse Abigail has brought my darling through the various ailments of children,—measles, whooping-cough, and chicken-pox.

Montrésor is a bright, lovely child; sweet tempered, but often passionate and wilful. She is all the world to me. I hope I will always be all the world to her.

She runs to me as I lie resting in my hammock, her eyes flashing, her whole

being trembling with emotion and excitement, and cries:

"Mamma, little mother! must I let boys kiss me?"

I am horrified.

"Why, what do you mean, my dear," I say, drawing the dear child to me. "Who wants to kiss you?"

"Harold Costello wants to, and he says he will, too; and Jennie Jonson says I'm a big fool to cry about it; that girls always kiss boys, and boys always want to kiss girls when they're nice and pretty."

I am pained,—astonished; I hardly know what to say. I take my dear one in my arms and say:

"Kiss me, darling, and never mind Harold. You needn't fear him, dear, we will

not allow him to trouble you. Where did you meet Harold Costello so familiarly that he should want to kiss you?"

"At Jennie's; he's always there with her brother Tom, and those mean boys tease us all the time, and Harold says I'm the 'best looking girl in the county O,' and always wants to kiss me, and I won't go near him, and then he says he's going to be my sweetheart some day, whether I'll have him or not," and my little one shakes with excitement as she tells me this woeful tale.

I comfort and soothe her as best I can and say, "well, dear, don't be alarmed, I do not think you are in any danger from Harold just now, and I certainly shall not permit him to annoy you. I think you

had better give up going to Jennie's for the present."

"But tell me, mamma; why do boys want to kiss girls. Isn't it naughty to be kissing, I hate it!"

Her eyes flash, and she looks anything but kissable in her present rage. I am trying to think what I ought to say about it. I think the subject ought to be properly considered and explained to the child.

I have made it a rule, to always explain the why and wherefore to Montrésor. I believe in teaching a child, by proper reasoning with them, and not merely forbidding a thing without explaining why, so I kiss my baby's anger away and send her to Abigail to be dressed and refreshed. At six we will have tea, and afterwards I

will tell her what I think about kissing. In a cozy corner of the piazza Montrésor and I sit down for our evening chat. I hold her hand and say:

"Montrésor, when boys, or indeed anyone whom you do not know very well, or love dearly, asks you to kiss them, say 'I would rather not, mamma thinks kissing unhealthful, and prefers I should not kiss people.' Always be polite, give your hand in greeting, but keep your lips pure and unsullied by careless, foolish kissing. I do not consider kissing wise at any time, because one cannot kiss without inhaling another person's breath, and that is always disagreeable, unhealthy, and should only be tolerated from our dearest friends, our own immediate family. A child should kiss

his or her parents, brothers or sisters, or dear relatives whom one loves. Of course there is no harm in kissing, and some people think it is a duty they owe to society, to kiss every child they see. I always consider it a great imposition on the child, and never think of doing it myself, but sometimes it is almost impossible to refuse to give a kiss when asked. At such a time always turn your cheek. It is a polite way of saying I prefer not, but accept the compliment.

"Never permit boys to kiss you. Boys and girls too, may call you names, and say you are a prude because you refuse, but both will respect you for it in the end. Even boys grow weary of, and disgusted with girls who will let them kiss and maul

them. A little girl cannot be too circumspect or chary of her kisses; she must always be modestly reserved; be merry, full of fun and play, dear, but let it be refined fun and clean wholesome play, and in such there is no kissing.

"Montrésor must always be choice in the selection of her friends. I want my darling to become one of God's true women, and wear upon her brow the serene beauty of sweet unsullied maidenhood. Good night, my sweetheart," I say, as I hold my precious one in my arms. My heart is full, too full for words. I am wondering what the future holds for us, and shall I be able to make my child all I would have her. My hands tremble, there is an unknown shadow hovering over me,

and I almost cry aloud with fear, because I feel I cannot save her from the shadows sure to come. Montrésor has hardly spoken while I talked to her, but she listened attentively, and as she bids me good night she says: "well, little mother, I'm glad you don't like kissing any better than I do, and if anybody kisses me that I don't like, I'll scratch their eyes out, I will." The summing up was rather vigorous, but satisfied me that at least my talk would be remembered.

Montrésor has only been at school since January. I could not bear to have her away from me, so I taught her in a simple, desultory way myself, and read to her. She loves to have me read, and we have read volumes. She is too practical to care

very much for fairy tales. She always wants to know if they are "true, really true, mamma," but the stories from real life interest her greatly, especially historical tales, as "Lady Jane Grey" and "Joan of Arc." To-night I almost wish she didn't go to school, she seems in some way to be drifting from me. I fear the influence of children, the coming in contact with the outside world.

Dr. Browne and all my friends insist that she must go to school; that she must have young companions and be with children of her own age. Perhaps they are right, but I always feel that girls should be kept from contamination with the world as long as possible. I am not a lover of the new woman" or advanced woman's

rights. I love *womanly* women, who have judgment, common sense and education, and who accept life and it's responsibilities as it is sent to them, shirking nothing, doing faithfully and earnestly whatever tasks fall to their lot,—either domestic, diplomatic or in the management of business affairs, but through all let them keep their womanhood intact, and not mar its beauty by coveting the rights and usages of men.

It is the 14th of March, '77, and Montrésor is having a birthday party, and all her young friends are here to greet her. She is tall, almost as tall as I am, and very lovely. Her eyes are dark and brilliant; her hair a ruddy brown with a reddish

glint of gold in the sunlight; her complexion, clear and dainty as peach bloom. She looks very sweet in her white mull dress, receiving, and as I stand beside her, the thought comes over me, that all too soon she will be grown up, and launched into the social world of life, of which this is but an imitation.

I know all the children, and as I study the faces of our young guests I read their fortunes. I seem to see success or disappointment in their turn.

Jennie Jonson is a pretty girl of fourteen. She is a sweet-tempered child, affectionate, kind hearted, but rather precocious for my taste, and is over dressed.

Marie Temple is a tall, fair girl of thirteen. She has a refined face and carriage,

but her face shows characteristics I do not trust. She will be a haughty, over-bearing beauty.

But all the young people are well behaved, and our party is a great success.

Harold Costello is rather too attentive to Montrésor to please me, but as he is always gentlemanly, I cannot complain. Harold is too big for this party, I think, he is sixteen, and as tall as a man. He is an only son, his people are very wealthy. He has been too pampered for a boy, and I think he will make a selfish, unreliable man. As the good-bye's are said, Harold shakes my hand and says: "Good-bye, Mrs. Warberton, I leave for Germany to-morrow, where I am going to school. I suppose Montrésor will be a young lady be-

fore we meet again, so I am going to kiss her good-bye to-night." Before I had time to speak he caught Montrésor's hand and would have kissed her, but with a jerk she pulled her hand away and gave him a stinging slap between the eyes.

Of course it was unpardonably rude to a guest, but he deserved the rebuke, for he, knowing her aversion to being kissed, had boasted that he'd kiss her before the whole room ere he left.

I shall never forget the vindictive look he gave her and me as he turned and walked away. My heart trembled, I felt he would be the *bete noire* of our lives in time to come.

My darling left the room, and as soon as I could disperse our visitors I sought her,

and found her in a passion of grief in her own room. As I came to her she threw herself into my arms, exclaiming: "Little mother, I hate that boy. I have always hated him and I always shall. I wish I could never see him again."

My heart echoed the wish, but I did not say so. I quieted her as best I could, and left her to sleep.

Feeling too troubled and wakeful for rest, I sat alone, and pondered over past, present and future. I made up my mind to change our mode of life, and before morning I decided to give up our Staten Island home and go abroad for some years. Montrésor should finish her education in Europe.

CHAPTER IV.

April, '82.

At last I have persuaded mamma to come to England. I am seventeen. I have always been called "a little English girl," and yet this is the first time I have ever been here.

After grandmamma's death, little mother thought she would never go back to England, her mother being the only near tie she had. But I have finally coaxed her to come to London, and I eventually hope to induce her to look up some of our English cousins. They are all swells, and will be useful to me,—why shouldn't I seek them? Mamma says, there was no great love between papa and his people.

Captain Warberton (my grandfather) an officer in the Peninsular war, was the youngest son of a younger son. His father married a Spanish lady of rank, wealthy, beautiful and a Catholic; and then my grandfather followed in his footsteps and married a Portuguese, also a court beauty and a Catholic. There grew out of this a family estrangement which was never healed. Grandmamma Warberton died when papa was born, and grandfather then returned to India where he died before my father's marriage.

My great great grandpapa was Sir Pembroke Warberton of Chesterton Hall and there is a Sir Pembroke Warburton living at Chesterton to-day, I believe, but as mamma will never talk about our

English relations I have great difficulty in finding out all I want to know. There is also a Lady Mary Rossmore, who was papa's cousin, and very fond of him in his boyhood, but I don't know where Lady Mary lives. I think she married, when quite an old maid, a retired East Indian merchant, and the Rossmore family are very poor now.

I write all this, because although I am considered English, I have a thoroughly Yankee appreciation for titles, and if there are any connected with me in England, I am going to find them.

I am so glad to be in London, and so agreeably disappointed for I have always imagined that there was a perpetual fog there, but now, in early April, it is lovely,

bright, sunny weather, and the streets ring with the clear, high pitched voices of the flower venders, calling primroses to sell,—prim-ro-ses to sell. I got Abigail to buy me some this morning, they are so fragrant and delicious.

We have taken a house in Kensington, near Kensington Square; I think we are going to be very comfortable. Our family consists of mamma and myself; dear old Abigail now too old, mamma thinks, to do anything but pet me, and she does that perfectly. Then there is Sandy Cameron, and my maid Annette. Sandy is courier, porter, butler or secretary, as he is needed. He is strictly honest and reliable, and very useful to mamma. Annette is French, untruthful, unreliable, but she

keeps my clothes in order and does our hair beautifully, consequently she is very useful to me. Mamma has promised to remain in London for the season, and I am all excitement, for I wonder what this season will bring forth.

The last five years we have lived in Europe I have been studying. I have had masters and governesses, and I have been at school two years in Dresden. The first two years after we left America we lived in Freiberg, Germany. I don't know why mamma went to Freiberg, unless it was because it is not usually sought by English or American students. We spent our holidays travelling, and last winter we had a lovely time in Berlin. There we met a number of our old friends. Marie Temple

has been studying music two years. She has been presented at the Berlin Court, and is engaged to a young Prussian officer, a future baron, and very well off.

Poor little Jennie Jonson did not fare so well. She married two years ago, an Italian count,—the Count de Barbée. She has since returned home to her father, broken hearted and deserted. The count not being able to get control of her money, left her alone in Paris, he going to Monaco with a French actress. In Berlin I heard of Harold Costello. Marie says he is as handsome as a prince, a polished gentleman, and greatly admired and sought after in consequence of his wealth. He and his mother live abroad altogether.

I would like very much to meet Harold. I know mamma prefers I should not. Dear little mother, she never liked Harold, and she did not admire his mother. Mrs. Costello is too vain and worldly to please mamma.

I wonder if Harold has ever forgiven me for the slap I gave him the night of my party. It was horribly rude, but the idea of his thinking he dare kiss me. I wish I could meet him now, I'd have him at my feet, and then I'd snub him. Poor little mother! how shocked she would be if she heard me. Mamma's standard is such a high one, I never hope to reach it. Mamma's men and women are all ideal. They can't be mortals, for I have never seen any one quite as high principled as she expects peo-

ple to be. Papa has always been mamma's hero, and I guess she idealized him considerably.

I often wonder why mamma never married again. I am sure if I was a pretty widow at twenty-seven, with plenty of means, I'd marry. The girls used to tease me when I was little, telling me mamma would marry some day and give me a papa, and I used to get fearfully angry and declare I'd kill myself if she did.

Once I really fancied she was going to, it was when Mr. Barton came to see us so often. He is mamma's banker in New York. I asked her one day, and she looked at me as if I had hurt her. Her lips trembled her eyes filled with tears, and she caught me to her breast and said:

"Child, do you not know, my husband and your father is in Heaven, waiting with your brothers for us. Montrésor! Montrésor! never ask me such a question again. You are my treasure, my only one; my life is yours. When I meet my darlings, I want my husband to welcome me and say,—well done, ever faithful, devoted wife."

You may be sure I have never said anything about marriage to mamma since. I shall never forget her look of sorrowful agony, and I respect her noble self denial, although I do not think she ought to have given up so much. Mamma has very rigid ideas of marriage. She believes it is a holy sacrament and should be kept as such, for better, for worse, for all time. And

mamma despises divorce. She will not believe in it. She says the divorce laws of the United States have been the ruin of the country. They have made it possible for men and women to enter into marriage without proper consideration, knowing how easily a divorce can be obtained.

I shall never forget, once when a young acquaintance of mamma's called to see us previous to her marriage with a rich old nobleman, a horrible looking old man. Mamma remonstrated with Miss Kent about marrying him, and said she ought to think very seriously about it before taking such a step, and I remember how Miss Kent laughed and said flippantly:

"Dear Mrs. Warberton, you are frightfully old fashioned for these days. Of

course I'll be happy. I'll have the title and the money, and when the old man gets too objectionable I'll divorce him. I have no doubt I'll have plenty of cause."

Mamma could hardly speak, she was so horrified and disgusted, but she laid her white, dainty hand on Miss Kent's arm and said:

"My dear girl, are you willing to sacrifice your honor and your womanhood for an empty title? Think, before it is too late."

Miss Kent married, and her old husband died very suddenly before the year was out, so I suppose she is happy. Mamma is thoroughly aesthetic in her ideas and in her religion. I think she must inherit it from her father. He was a great scholar

and high churchman, and was always having trouble with his bishop in consequence of his convictions. Grandmamma was a very simple, practical soul, and liked sewing societies and good housekeeping.

CHAPTER V

May, '82.

We have been in London a month to-day, and we have had an adventure, nothing much, only it has been useful in introducing us, and has helped me find my relatives.

Mamma and I were driving in Hyde Park and a buckle in some of the harness came unfastened, causing one of the traces to fall. It frightened the horses and we came near having a runaway, but a gentleman who was riding caught the horses' heads before any damage was done. Mamma leaned from our carriage to thank him, and as she did so I saw she started, and

looked interested. The gentleman also seemed surprised, and, raising his hat, said:

"Beg pardon, isn't this Mrs. Warberton?"

Mamma said:

"Yes, and you are Captain Graydon, are you not?"

"Sir Marmaduke Graydon, now," handing his card to mamma. "May I call on you?"

Mamma said we should be charmed to see him, and thanking him again for the service he had rendered, we drove home, I all impatience to find out about our new acquaintance.

Mamma leaned back in the carriage, lost in thought. I hated to disturb her, but I wanted so much to find out about Sir Marmaduke.

"Who is he, mamma?" I said. "Do tell me, I am all impatience."

"Captain Graydon was an officer in your father's regiment when we left Calcutta. He is the last friend we saw before we sailed. He was much younger than your papa, rather wild, and extravagant, and your father took a great interest in him because he knew his people in England. He was often at our house. Surely he must have known about the loss of the 'New Zealand. He must indeed have been surprised to see me."

Sir Marmaduke Graydon is a man about forty-five, I should think, he has quite gray hair. He is a portly looking gentleman. He is in London for the season with his wife and two daughters. His son is at

Woolwich, his daughters are little girls. Sir Marmaduke told mamma that he succeeded to the baronetcy the year after papa left Calcutta, and that he married the following year. He knows papa's cousins well. He says the old Sir Pembroke Warberton is dead, but that his son James is now baronet. Lady Mary Rosemore Beardsley is still living, and Mr. Beardsley is dead. Sir Marmaduke knew of the loss of the "New Zealand," but did not know any one was saved. Lady Graydon has called. She is a very gentle little woman, and mamma has sent cards to Lady Rossmore Beardsley and also to Sir James Warberton.

June, '82.

We have all the society I want now. Mamma and I have been royally received

by all our relations. Lady Mary is delighted with mamma, and she has almost adopted me. We have cards for everything, and go to a garden party at Marlborough House, next week. I am introduced as "our American cousin from New York." Yes, thank you, I prefer being an American cousin, it gives me greater prestige in England than Miss Warberton of nowhere would.

Sir James Colton Warberton is papa's second cousin. He is quite an old man, and has two or three sons and as many daughters. They do not live at Chesterton Hall now, but in Kent, in a place called the "Oaks," which came to Sir James through his wife. Mamma and I are to visit them in August. Mamma and I go to Hen-

ley the end of June for the regatta, with Lady Mary.

I like this English life very much. I like the rush and the excitement. I wish mamma would be more enthusiastic though. When I come in all glowing with excitement after an afternoon's outing with Lady Mary or Lady Graydon (who is a great friend of mine) mamma simply says:

"Well, little fashion plate, haven't you had enough of it yet?"

Our afternoons are very popular. Mamma doesn't like big "at homes," but receives our friends very informally on Wednesday afternoons, between five and seven.

To-day we have had a cram—two duchesses, Count Tazifvozka, the Hungarian artist and present "Art Lion;" the Hon.

Archibald Graam, prospective heir to a dukedom; dozens of commoners like ourselves, and Lady Pierrepont Babbington, née Miss Florence Kent of New York. Lady Babbington brought with her Harold Costello and his mother.

Harold is indeed a handsome fellow. He is quite tall, has dark eyes and brows, but almost golden hair and mustache, which give him a very striking and rather distinguished appearance. Mamma was studiously polite but not too gracious. I know she doesn't want to renew our acquaintance with the Costellos, but! I intend we shall. I shall never be satisfied until I have Harold Costello at my feet, and I mean to have him there before the season ends.

Harold did not say much to mamma, but was attentive enough to be polite. He sat by me a long time, and helped me pour tea. He asked me to look and see if there wasn't a red mark still where I had slapped him. I said he was very cruel to remind me of my shocking behavior. He laughed and said, of course it served him right, but I needn't have put his eyes out.

Count Tazifvozka wants me to pose for him as "Queen Esther" for a salon picture. I thank him and say I hardly think I will do, but he can ask mmama to allow me. He says:

"Oh, Miss Warberton, you must, really; you are a perfect Oriental."

What a day it has been, so full of mer-

riment. Abigail says I have too many admirers, and Annette says: "Mam'selle est tres belle et charmant."

Dear little mother came to me and put her hands on my shoulders and gave me a very earnest look, after all our friends were gone. She said:

"Montrésor, my darling, don't be carried away with all this social glamor. It is very gay, very fascinating to a young girl, I know, but dear, if your income vanished to-morrow so would your friends. You are a beautiful, accomplished girl, seemingly well to do, and in our world *fishing* is the only pastime. The men try for the biggest 'catch' of the season, and so do the women. The nobles sell their titles to the highest bidder. The com-

moner buys a titled wife, and you, my baby, who will be really true and loyal to you when they find that all you have is less than two thousand pounds a year, subject to my dower?

Montrésor, I feel as if in permitting you to enter the London 'swim' I have placed you in a false position. Americans are always considered wealthy in England and abroad if they live and dress as well as we do. I wish we were out of all this, dear, living once more in our quiet way among the hills in Freiberg, or back in Staten Island in our old, cosy home."

"Why mamma," I respond, "how dreadfully you talk. You seem to act as if you knew some especial monster was after me this minute, while really the men we know

have only been polite and none of them particularly attentive."

Mamma smiled and said she wasn't thinking of any "especial monster" just now, but that my popularity frightened her, and she wished we were out of it all.

And holding her arm about me, mamma says:

"I want my precious baby to be all my own for many years yet. Enjoy your girlhood, dear, and don't get entangled in any love affairs until the right one comes, and he must be one of God's noblemen, a true hearted gentleman, to secure Montrésor."

"But, mamma, don't you think men ever marry a girl for real love in these days?"

"Yes, dear, often, but he doesn't look for her in New York or London society."

"Mamma, did papa marry you because you had money?"

I never have heard mamma laugh so merrily before, as she answered:

"No, indeed, Colonel Warberton knew very well I hadn't anything to bring him, either position or money. My father was a student and a gentleman, but only a curate with an income of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum."

"Mamma, where did you meet papa?"

"At Ryde, where I was staying with an aunt of mine. I met your father at a garrison ball, and we were married and off for India in less than three months."

"Did you love papa very dearly when you married him, mamma?"

Mamma did not answer me for a few moments. Then she said:

"I admired Colonel Warberton extremely from the first, but I was a child and too young then to understand the meaning of *love*. My aunt (my mother's sister) was rather a worldly woman; she was delighted with my conquest (as she called it), and it was a very advantageous marriage for me, a portionless girl. I learned to love and reverence your father, Montrésor. He was more to me than husband, he was my friend, guide, adviser, and my shield.

"I went with him to India, a child wife, with a keen appreciation of the gaieties and attractions to be found in a military station. I loved admiration, dress and

amusement, and had I not had the thoughtful care and guidance of Colonel Warberton to protect me, I too might have drifted into the dissipations and doubtful pleasures of army life, where idle men consider the young and pretty women fair game for their amusement, and flirtations too often lead to sorrow and disaster.

"Your dear father indulged my love of pleasure to the utmost, but taught me where to draw the line, and so escape the ignominy of becoming a much talked about *army hack*, so often the fate of silly English girls, who have negligent husbands and vain pleasure seeking hearts. My darling, the army,—all the glamor, parade, and idleness in the stations, is a hard school for women. They need the wisdom

of a Solomon; the judgment of a Daniel, and the discretion of a saint, to live in it, and escape calumny."

"Oh, mamma, I hope I'll never have to marry an officer. I am sure I would never run the gauntlet as well as you did."

"I hope indeed you will never have the chance. I would not be willing to let you go to live in India."

"Well, never fear, mamma, I may do as the rest of the nineteenth century girls do,—sell myself to the highest bidder. I shall certainly hope to secure a fish both 'well born and handsome, indulgent and rich,' I sing, which is the first couplet of an old nursery rhyme Abigail used to sing me when a child."

CHAPTER VI.

London, May, '8

Nervous and unstrung, I feel bitterly, that I have made a great mistake, I, who have planned and counted so much upon the success of my own judgment. In what have I failed? alas! in what have I succeeded? I see now that I should not have relied so much upon my own opinion. I conceived an *ideal* life for myself and my precious child. Having means to indulge in the fulfillment of my dream, I have followed out my programme to the best of my ability.

I wanted Montrésor to be in every respect an accomplished, high toned woman,

but to be all *mine*—grafted with my ideas, believing in my theories, admiring my standard for men and women, and living up to it as much as possible, as I honestly have tried to do all these years, holding myself only as stewardess of the trust my husband left me; my child Montrésor.

And now what is the result? Why am I disappointed?

Surely Montrésor is all a mother can wish for. She is indeed beautiful, ravishingly beautiful, of that dark, oriental style so dangerous and so unusual. Her eyes are magnificent; her hair massive, naturally curly, of darkest brown, still retains in certain lights, the gleam of gold and chestnut shining there.

She carries herself superbly, and is pa-

trician in look and bearing. Count Tazifvozki was right, she does make a perfect "Queen Esther." His picture is exquisite, it is a fine likeness too, and Montrésor is well fitted to the eastern splendors that surround her.

How the people pushed and craned their necks to get a good view of the painting the first day it was exhibited, and what a crowd there was. Even their Royal Highnesses were there, and the Prince seemed greatly interested in the picture.

Yet, with all this adulation, admiration and popularity, Montrésor does not seem spoiled. She is fond of admiration, and enjoys the power of her position as an accepted beauty and society belle, but to me she is the same dear, willful child, who

rules me completely, often in opposition to my better judgment.

I cannot find fault with the dear child, for she is what I and fate have made her, and yet I am not satisfied, I am unhappy.

I blame myself for allowing her to drift into this vortex of fashionable life. I feel that she is slipping from me, beyond my control, my help or power to shield.

There is a vein in Montrésor that I do not understand, an unknown quantity in her character that I fear. I tremble for the consequences,—I seem to dread some unforeseen shadow that I am powerless to avert.

Montrésor is ambitious, not only to be a great lady, but I think she has a desire for *eclat*, and public homage which lies

beyond the realm of mere social life. I have sometimes feared that she had dreams of becoming an actress.

God shield her from the folly of such a fate. I do not mean, however, to disparage or throw contempt upon a profession that can be and often is an honorable and glorious histrionic achievement.

But the risk, the wear and tear, the notoriety and temptations involved in such a career are a fearful strain upon a woman's life, and how few there are who reach the highest notch of fame, alas! too often fall, before they are ever known.

It is over a year since we arrived in London, and in that time my little daughter, who seems to me only a baby yet, has launched forth, a fashionable, much sought

for young lady, with scores of admirers, and too many suitors to please my fancy.

There is something horribly vulgar to me in the position of a fashionable society girl. I suppose in saying so, however, that I am guilty of a paradox. But when we really think of it, of the way her name is bandied about like public property coupled often with the names of men she hardly knows, and in many instances would not recognize, that her marriage and prospects are talked of and heralded from place to place without any consideration for truth or consistency, I say the position is degrading, and no girl who has run the gauntlet of two or three seasons in the "swim" can emerge therefrom without desecrating the charm of her sweet, pure maidenhood.

From this contamination I have tried to shield Montrésor, and in a measure succeeded. She has been very circumspect with her admirers, and so far only two have reached the point of declaration, in both cases appealing to me first, and as I knew how effectually to dispose of the affair, nothing came of it, and Montrésor was not troubled.

The Hon. Archibald Graam gave promise of being a difficult case, as he was quite persistent, and, being heir to a dukedom, I feared Montrésor's ambition would stand in the way of my disposing of him, although I felt satisfied that as soon as he was posted as to the truth of her *finances*, he would sigh for the cruelty of fate, and

hie himself to some new field and bait his hook for bigger game.

Archibald Graam belongs to a class of men that ought not to be tolerated in these enlightened days. "Born in the purple," he presumes upon his privileges as a future peer, to lead a life of dissipation, idleness and extravagant self indulgence; spending his youth in disgraceful follies, he determines in middle age to select as big a financial prize in the matrimonial market as he can find, and settle down as a respectable and respected citizen. He goes from place to place, flatters and fawns upon any girl he considers an "eligible partie" and takes the one who brings him the biggest "dot," regardless of honor or affection.

Alas, that mothers live who are willing

to subject their daughters to such an ordeal.

Thank God! he did my little girl no harm, for being quite unprepossessing and dreadfully conceited, she soon grew tired of him, although I must aeknowledge I think she was flattered by his attention, and enjoyed the distinction of having a prospective duke for an admirer.

I am happy to say he is at present out of the way, having gone to America in the train of Miss Murray, the daughter of a millionaire shoe-dealer of Cincinnati.

Poor girl, I cannot wish her success in her conquest, for she is very pretty, young, refined and accomplished, and far too good for him.

There is one silent admirer among Mon-

trésor's friends of whom I approve—Grandville Carrington, a quiet, self sustained English gentleman, of refinement and good taste, noble-minded, energetic and consistent. A member of one of the *old* families. He is at the same time imbued with a desire to interest himself in all leading questions of the day, and willing to work for the benefit and advancement of England and her interests.

A man of moderate means, and many responsibilities, having a mother and several sisters, and a much encumbered estate, he is, in the eyes of our world, not considered an "eligible partie," but I feel sure he will yet make his mark. It is the influence of earnest, conscientious men like Grandville Carrington that

saves England's honor from the mistaken judgment of her over zealous, would-be patriots.

Alas, Montrésor and I think differently. She admires Mr. Carrington, and his sister Frances is quite a friend of hers, but if I suggest him as a prize in the matrimonial market, she laughs and says:

"Oh mamma, don't try to palm off one of your ideals on me."

There is another admirer, also silent as far as I am concerned, but whom I fear. I know not why, but I cannot trust him, and yet I can see that Montrésor grows more and more interested in him every day. I have never heard evil of him, and he always appears reasonable and gentlemanly, and is lavish in his favors and admiration

of Montrésor, but Harold Costello is the last man I would choose for my daughter; and yet she is so fascinated with him I dare not speak for fear of bringing about a crisis, and the very thing I most wish to avoid.

In these days of anxiety, I find great consolation talking to good, old Abigail about my baby and my worries for her sake. But she, dear soul, will not understand my anxiety, but puts her arms about me and says:

"Ah, me leddy, let the wee bairnie have her fling and no harm 'll com av it. She is a winsome lassie, as the laddies ken fu weel. I wad-na tru'ble, Mistress, let her gang her gaet, ma bonnie gipsey. She'll mind hersel', tak my word o't."

We have had a discussion to-day. Montrésor is to be "presented" at the next "Drawing room". The Duchess of B—, a friend of Lady Mary's, takes my dear one under her wing. Montrésor would like me to accompany her, but I have no ambition for such honors myself. I say, "I'm too old, now." Montrésor laughs and says:

"My little mother old, you don't look forty, and you have never donned the caps and matronly airs of the English mother. Oh, I'm so glad you don't wear those dreadful pyramids of lace, flowers and ribbons so much affected by mothers in England. I wonder if caps for women are considered a badge of office, giving dignity to the wearer, like the red and blue ribbons worn by the men when they are made

knights of the various orders. Both look strange to me, I can't get used to them. I love my little mother as she is, in her soft, quakerish gowns, white fichus and soft brown hair. Oh, mother, darling, don't grow old. You will always look the same to me, dear."

Montrésor's presentation frock is white tulle; her train white satin, and the trimmings are the faintest blush pink rosebuds. She will wear my pearl necklace, five simple strings of oriental pearls, the clasp a pink pearl, surrounded with small diamonds. It was my wedding gift from Colonel Warberton, and was with my few other jewels in a leather pouch whch I hung around my neck. I have given my darling a small diamond star. She will wear it in

her hair, as of course her hair must be dressed court fashion, and she will wear the star to fasten her feather pompon. Montrésor is all excitement, waiting for the day to come. I see very little of her; her days are spent at Lady Mary's where she and Frances Carrington practice how to manage their trains and appear before royalty gracefully,—*a l'anglaise.*

CHAPTER VII.

I am greatly disturbed to-day. Montrésor and I have been discussing the latest society scandal—Lady Maud Gowerie has startled London into a nine days' wonder by eloping with Mr. Randolf Cramer, an American, a western millionaire, her family opposing the alliance on the ground of undesired family connections; but Lady Maud, who is a dashing young woman of the "new school," has boldly announced her intention of discarding her honorary title, and being henceforth known as Mrs. Cramer, perfectly satisfied that her husband's American dollars will fully recompense her for her loss of rank

as a peeress, and give her much more enjoyment than the questionable privilege of being a fifth daughter of an old and honored house—in reduced circumstances.

Personally I rather admire Lady Maud's pluck, as Mr. Cramer is a very gentlemanly fellow, and though not high born, he will, I have no doubt, thoroughly appreciate his noble spouse, and will demonstrate his admiration and love in true American fashion by making her a social queen, a ruler of fashion, with household and appointments that might excite the envy of princes. With Lady Maud I have nothing to do, I wish her long life and happiness. In these democratic days, the nobility and the commoner are getting terribly mixed, and the people on top are

those that can best pay for their footing.

My worry is caused by a remark of Montrésor's, who boldly asserts her admiration for Lady Maud's escapade, and finishes her assertion by saying: "she loves an adventure and thinks an elopement awfully jolly, and a much more desirable way of getting married than having a church wedding, where the bride is expected to march to her doom to slow music and be wept over by sentimental relatives."

I have no special admiration for great weddings myself, but I thoroughly approve of the church ceremony, and think marriage should be held as the most solemn rite in man or woman's life, a sacred

bond of love and honor only to be dissolved by death.

I dare not speak to Montrésor in her present mood on such a subject, so I merely say:

"My darling, I trust when your time comes that your heart will dictate what is best; and I hope you will be imbued with a sufficient appreciation of the solemnity of the occasion to deport yourself with propriety, and have the marriage service properly conducted and sanctioned by church, priest, and your mother."

Montrésor's answer is:

"Well, I hope so, mamma, but you must make allowances for my love of adventure, and not be surprised at anything. At present I do not contemplate marriage."

To-day Montrésor goes to the "Drawing Room." She has gone with Lady Mary and the Duchess, and returns to me after the ball at Duke X—'s to-night, which is to be honored by the presence of royalty.

How lovely my sweet child looked in her court robes. She carried a magnificent bouquet of blush pink orchids, sent to her this morning by Harold Costello. I would have preferred her carrying the rosebuds I provided, but she fastened a bunch of mine in her corsage and said:

"Don't be jealous, little mother, I love yours best but I can't give up the orchids. They are gorgeous, and will be the envy of the multitude. Do you know, mamma, Harold has had great trouble getting this bouquet for me, as this special flower is a

rare exotic and not generally cultivated. Harold got them from the head gardener of Count de Viévé, who is the only man in England who has them. Just think, mamma, I saw specimens at the flower show last week, and just for fun I said I wanted a bouquet of them to carry to-day, and Harold made up his mind I should have them, and went himself to Count de Viévé and asked for them. The Count said if he could manage the gardener at 'La Reine Flore' (his villa, you know), that he could, so here they are. Aren't they beauties, and wasn't Harold a jewel to get them for me." I say: "Yes, indeed, Harold is more than kind and too generous by far. My darling I wish you wouldn't accept such favors from Harold. A woman should

never accept valuable gifts from a man unless she has accepted him as her lover and intends to marry him, and I hope you haven't gone that far with Harold yet."

"Well, not quite, but there is no telling what I may do, mamma, you know I thoroughly agree with Lady Maud, and would much rather be the honored wife of an American millionaire, than marry a peer and be overwhelmed with burdens and dignities I wouldn't know what to do with and besides lose my *glorious independence*, for the American girl in these days, mamma, ranks with the best of them if she has beauty, 'chic' and plenty of money to back her. But don't be alarmed, little mother, I'm not ready yet. When I am,

you shall arrange everything to suit yourself—and now let dear, old Abigail and Sandy come and see me rigged for my royal campaign. They will never forgive their 'wee bairnie' if she doesn't let them see her in her court finery."

Abigail stands in awesome and speechless silence, gazing on Montrésor, and Sandy, with low obeisance, kisses the hem of her frock and says in his broad Scotch:

"Me young leddy is fair Queen hersel', she'll mak muckle hearts sair wi' her beauty an' gear."

Abigail says in trembling tones: "Wee winsome lassie, the guid God bless me bairnie, an mae ye be as braw for your weddin', lassie." She kisses the hem of Montrésor's skirt, and picking up a rose-

bud that has fallen from it, kisses it and hides it in her breast. This is a great day to Abigail, for Montrésor has been her "own bairnie," her own lamb, always, and I see the dear soul is wrought to the highest pitch of nervous excitement and joy to see her so fine.

I kiss my dear one and see her safely in the carriage. I shall never forget her bonny face and winsome smile as she nodded her pretty head good-bye, and called out "au revoir, mamma, darling, don't be anxious about me, Lady Mary will bring me home all right, and then we'll talk of the glorious time I have had."

The day has seemed so long, for I feel nervous and unstrung. Montrésor's chatter about Lady Maud's escapade worries

me. I can not get Harold Costello out of my head; I wish he was not attentive to Montrésor, and yet I feel sure there is an understanding between them and I feel that I am unreasonable in not wanting him as a suitor for my precious child, for he is very wealthy, generous to a fault, and holds an enviable position both at home and in England, where he and his mother are greatly admired and courted by all. Therefore am I not flying in the face of Providence by being unwilling to have Montrésor marry him, when I suppose public opinion would say I ought to consider my daughter greatly honored by his advances, as the dear child has only beauty and social rank to give in exchange for his wealth?

Of course these thoughts of mine may be after all, "too previous," as the boys say, for Harold has never committed himself in any way. He has devoted himself to Montrésor very pointedly for over a year, but at the same time he has always assumed the air of old friendship as giving him a greater right to her consideration than others have.

I think all this. I say to myself, what are Harold's faults? My answer is, his love for and ideas concerning money. Harold is a true disciple of the "golden calf." When Harold speaks of men he always values them according to their money standard. He says: "the A——'s are splendid. A's worth a million at least;" or, "Jack B's a fine fellow, he'll have a big pull,

when the old man's gone. Old B's worth bags of money."

One day I said to him: "Harold, is money your only standard of people's worth?" and he answered:

"Well, not exactly, Mrs. Warberton, but then you see it's about all there is to go by, now-a-days. You see, Mrs. Warberton, the old times have passed away, and feudalism and despotism with it. In the 'good old times' we read about, when knights rode freefooted over the country and trampled the masses under foot, and spent money like water whether they had it or not, and nobles were exempt from debt, and honor was a code, for the noble and privileged only, when a king might owe his tailor with impunity, but

would pawn his crown to pay a gambling debt—in those days it might do to pay tribute and respect to titles and birth-rights, but for my part I am glad I live in the days when 'money's king' and when the almighty dollar counts for every cent it's worth. If you only have enough, you can buy anything you want. See what good Yankee dollars do in Europe to-day. We can buy their women for wives, their treasure castles for our homes, and their crown-jewels for our wives. No, Mrs. Warberton, please don't mistake me. With all my love and appreciation of money and its power, I do value birth and social standing, and I admire the high toned, honorable gentlemen who still cling to their old time customs and prejudices, but

after all we less favored social creatures can buy their brains, their art gems, and if a self-made man has money enough he can command all, for his vulgar dollars will buy the books and masters that will teach him to value and appreciate the learning, science, and arts of the world."

"But Harold," I say, "what about the less favored individual, the working man, have you no thoughts for him? do you never think of his hardships and deprivations, for the want of this same 'money' power you laud so highly?"

"Certainly I do, Mrs. Warberton, but don't you consider the working man's privileges to-day far better than ever before? Even in England the workingman's rule is supreme. Of course we can't all be rich,

but in these days every man has as good a chance as the next one, and if a fellow's only smart enough to grasp his opportunities, he can be as rich as any one, and when that happens why he's on top, too."

"Your logic is very good, Harold, but the poor man's opportunities don't come often, do they? and I must say I would prefer a social standard based upon a higher status, where men and women are accepted for their education and refined instincts, and brains take precedence before vulgar arrogance."

"Well, Mrs. Warberton, I don't think 'vulgar arrogance,' as you say, counts before brains now-a-days, bad as we are. Such people of course, if rich, buy a certain world of their own, but they are usu-

ally the laughing stock of the community they live with, and soon outgrow their folly and ignorance, for surely we have too many books now on social etiquette for any one to commit any serious *faux pas.* If there is anything special that my countrymen are noted for, it's a thorough appreciation of their own deficiencies, and if we make a mistake through ignorance, my dear madame, believe me it will soon be remedied, for the true born Yankee is always ready to learn, and never fails to provide himself with the best authority for good manners and customs of the best society."

"You, at least, Harold, have none of these grievances to contend with, for you were born to wealth, and of course your

social standing is unquestioned, as you belong by right with the best of your countrymen. I only hope, my dear boy, you will hold your money as a trust, and use your means as much as is in your power for the benefit of the less favored ones. Rich men should be stewards for the unfortunate; they should help the poor, and encourage the workers."

"How do you mean, Mrs. Warberton? Do you think because a man is rich that he should divide with his poorer neighbors? That is simply making paupers,—that's the argument of the anarchists and socialists."

"Oh! of course, Harold, I don't mean in that way, but I think the rich should spend money freely, and so give work to the

poor, and should give fair wages and not grind the workingman down to less than living wages, but give them fairness and encouragement by giving the laborers an interest in the wealth acquired through their work. In fact I think a percentage of the profits of all business enterprises ought to be given to the employés of such establishments at the end of every year, and believe me, my dear boy, if this was done it would soon do away with strikes, and the laborer and capitalist would have a bond that would benefit both."

"Oh I have no doubt you are right, Mrs. Warberton, but I fear I am not up in the question well enough to argue it. When I was at college we used to have great debates on these questions, and to hear some of the

boys talk, you'd have thought our school a hotbed of socialists, but I have since met some of our hottest headed advocates for socal reform, and they have turned out the most grasping capitalists, holding fast all they've got, and crying loudly for more. For my part I guess it's the same always, a question only of *meum et tuum.* The fellows that haven't got anything to lose, are all eager to become social reformers and grab from the fellows that have, and I can assure you that the fellow that rises from the mire of hard work and penury by his own exertions, is the hardest hearted of all and the most grasping. I can assure you, Mrs. Warberton, the most unconscionable master in the world is the man who has raised himself from the

masses. He knows no mercy, and will trample his late fellow workman into the gutter to climb the ladder himself."

"Alas! my dear Harold, I fear this is too often so, but you, I hope, will rise above this order, and be a just and generous trustee, and spend your inherited wealth to benefit your fellowmen."

"I am not quixotic, Mrs. Warberton, but if lavish expenditure can do them good, they shall have it, as I have no use for money except for the pleasures and advantages it buys. In that way I am willing to share my means, and I have no objections to reasonable donations to worthy charities, but I let mother look after that department, she's better posted than I am, and knows when and where to give."

As I think of this conversation to-night, I shiver with fear, for I feel that to a man possessed with such sentiments, money will be an evil power,—will buy honor; and silence conscience.

It is past two in the morning, and I am weary waiting for my darling to come home. The servants are all in bed, Sandy only sitting up and waiting for his young mistress's return. He, faithful fellow, always stays on guard with Leo (Montrésor's mastiff), until the house is closed for the night.

CHAPTER VIII.

I hear the rumble of wheels, and then the carriage stops and I hear Montrésor's voice and another also talking. Breathless I await their coming, something has happened I am sure, else why does Harold Costello return with Montrésor, alone!

I am trying to collect my scattered senses. So much has happened since that memorable night when Montrésor returned home from the ball.

As they came in I rose to meet them, and seeing Montrésor enter with Harold I said:

"My dear, where is Lady Mary? Surely she has not permitted you to return alone with Harold?"

"Never mind Lady Mary, mamma, Montrésor answered, she was taken ill and left the ball early, and I came home with Lady Babbington, Frances Carrington and Harold. Don't look so shocked, mamma, dear, surely there was nothing dreadful in my coming home with them."

I trembled. Something in her voice and manner seemed to alarm me, and I felt uneasy as I answered:

"Possibly not, Montrésor, but surely it is unusual for a young lady to return from a ball at this hour unaccompanied by her chaperon. Why did Lady Babbington not come in with you? Where is she?"

"Oh she has gone home, mamma," said Montrésor nervously. "Aren't you willing

to trust Harold? He's one of our oldest friends, you know, dear."

Glancing from Harold to Montrésor, I say quietly:

"Yes, Harold is an old friend indeed, but I should have preferred your returning home with Lady Mary."

Montrésor stood irresolutely looking at me, then at Harold, and then exclaimed impetuously:

"O, mamma, don't be angry with us. Harold, speak for me,—you tell her."

"Tell me what, Montrésor," I say, advancing and taking her hands in mine. "What have you done, child? Speak, I implore you. What has happened?"

Putting her arms around my neck my darling cried:

"O, I cannot, I dare not tell, it is too terrible, mamma, forgive me! Forgive me !" and she sinks speechless at my feet.

With beating, anxious heart I take my precious child in my arms and cry:

"Little daughter, little daughter, what have you done?"

Harold comes forward and says excitedly: "Mrs. Warberton, surely you know how deeply I love Montrésor; are you not willing to give her to me; to let her be my wife?"

I do not heed him. I look only at Montrésor as I say earnestly: "Is Harold your chosen lover, dear? Do *you* accept him for your husband, my child?"

There is a moment's utter silence. Harold stands beside us nervously biting his

tawny mustache. Holding me tight in her embrace, Montrésor cries passionately:

"Mother, little mother! don't be angry with us; do forgive us. I love Harold with all my heart and he loves me; he has always loved me—and—I have married Harold to-night; I am his wife now, dear—dear mamma forgive me. Harold is all the world to me and I to him. Please be kind, little mother, and love us and forgive us both;" then kneeling at my side she looks up entreatingly and bursts into tears.

I am turned to stone. I have no voice, no sight, no hearing—and sink insensible by my darling's side with a look at Harold that might have annihilated him.

When I breathe again I am sitting in my armchair. Montrésor is holding my hands

and rather than meet the obstacles I felt you might impose upon our marriage, I dared to do this thing.

"Montrésor's dazzling beauty, her appearance to-night, betwitched me, and in a moment of rapture I pleaded with her to give me herself to-night. Lady Mary had gone home with a sick headache, and left Montrésor with the Duchess and Lady Babbington, and her grace was easily persuaded to let her young charge return in care of Lady Babbington, and she being an especial friend of mine and heartily interested in us both, acceded to my wishes, and together we persuaded Montrésor to consent to this midnight marriage. I was able, through the interest of a friend, to procure a special license, late as it was.

Another friend of mine, a young clergyman connected with the American consulate, married us. It is all a fair, honorable marriage, my dear Mrs. Warberton, though unknown to any one but our own little party, not even to my mother, whom I presume will be somewhat interested. I hope you will try to forgive me, certainly you must forgive Montrésor, for she is blameless. I have wrought upon her feelings for my own advantage. I take all the blame, dear Madame, only I pray you to be fair with me, and forgive the stratagem I have used to secure my wife. My prize, the only gift I have always wanted, and the only being in the world I love."

As he stops talking, he takes my precious child from me and clasps her to his breast.

And my darling clings to him with all the passionate devotion of her young heart.

I feel there is nothing I can say, I must have time to think before I act. I look at both and say in trembling voice.

"Harold and Montrésor, you have indeed both been very cruel. I will try to be brave and forgive you both, but Harold be kind to me now, leave me Montrésor to-night, come to me to-morrow and then we can arrange everything."

"Certainly Mrs. Warberton," he says, you shall have every consideration. Only after to-night I claim my wife as my right; to-night she shall be all yours.

He takes my hand and kisses it as he says good night, and holding Montrésor in his arms he kisses her passionately and

says: "good night, little sweetheart, good night, my wife, God bless you darling, good night."

As he leaves us I cannot help acknowledging he is a handsome, manly looking fellow, not good, but the kind girls usually love best, so after all I must be generous and kind to my little girl, for if she loves him I must be satisfied and try to love and trust him too.

Montrésor has little to say after Harold has gone, but kneeling at my feet, my arm around her, she seems a very Psyche in her grief, so white, so trembling; so sadly beautiful; I embrace her tenderly and say:

"My darling you have indeed rent my heart in twain, but what is done we must endure if you really love Harold, you

will be happy, I hope, in your choice. This midnight wedding which of course binds you to him, I hope we can keep out of the knowledge of our acquaintances, and I will see that you have a church solemnization at once, with our own immediate connections attending."

Montrésor looks up anxiously and says: "Oh! mamma, Harold will never agree to it, I am sure. You must not ask him, he will think you do not believe our marriage was lawfully conducted, and indeed it was, mamma dear, and besides, Lady Babbington assured me it was all right."

"My dear Montrésor, Lady Babbington has shown neither discretion nor good feeling in her conduct to-night. I fear I shall never feel kindly to her again, in-

deed I have always looked upon her with distrust. When Harold comes to-day, for it is now nearly dawn, I will see him and I think I can persuade him to accede to my wishes in this respect. Elopements, my darling, always savor of misconduct and mystery, and a man who respects his wife will not subject her to the criticism such folly involves."

I go with my precious, dear one to her room. I undo her frock, once so fresh and dainty, now showing the marring effects of the last few hours' excitement and confusion. I see her safely resting, her troubled tear-stained eyes are kissed to sleep, and then I leave her, to wrestle alone with my disappointment and despair.

After a sleepless night I bathe and pre-

pare to meet Harold. I have already sent to my lawyers, as I want to secure, if possible, the property belonging to Montrésor and myself, for her future use alone.

I am taking my tea and toast as Harold is announced. To-day I wear a loose, black gown with white kerchief. It is severity itself, but well befits my sad white face and trembling hands and heart.

I rise as Harold enters. He comes forward in true manly fashion, kisses my hands and places me in my chair, saying:

"Don't rise, my dear Mrs. Warberton, and please don't look so wretched and broken down, you make me feel a villain in earnest when I look at you. Please believe me, everything shall be done to make you happy and satisfied."

"Thank you, Harold, now that you and I have such a precious bond between us, I hope we will both try to do what is wise and best for all."

"How is my sweet bride? I hope my darling has rested well."

Yes, Harold, I left Montrésor sleeping comfortably. I have kissed her tears away, and she shall never know the heartache this wayward escapade has cost me. I looked at her as I passed her room just now, and she still sleeps. While she is resting you and I can arrange other matters."

"Certainly; what is it you want me to do?"

"Listen, Harold, please listen patiently until I have told you my desires. If then you cannot accede to them you can say so.

First of all, I want you to agree to have a church wedding to-morrow at noon; I will arrange to have our immediate friends attend. I do not like clandestine weddings, they always cast reproach upon the bride in some way, and I want my darling child to give up her sweet maiden purity, undimmed by the slightest scandal. Only till to-morrow, Harold, leave her all mine to-day, and to-morrow I give her to you unquestioned."

Harold does not answer. I see he looks troubled and annoyed, so I say hastily:

"Do you think this is asking too much, when you have taken all,—my one lamb, my only treasure?"

"Oh but don't put it that way, Mrs. Warberton. You must have realized that the

time would come when Montrésor would marry, and forgive me, please, for saying I do not consider myself such an ineligible partie.

"Of course, if Montrésor considers it desirable to have a church wedding, I shall consent, but it must take place to-morrow, surely. You will forgive my impatience, Mrs. Warberton, but please remember I have waited for and wanted Montrésor for my wife for years. When I, a boy in Staten Island, sued for a good-bye kiss, and received, perhaps deserved punishment for my audacity, I loved my little sweetheart then, and vowed some day to marry her. Montrésor, dear Mrs. Warberton, has always been the one coveted prize that I could never get. Remember,

I have been a humored, indulged boy all my life. I had only to ask to receive my fondest wish, but Montrésor, your precious child, was beyond my price, money would not buy her. I have tried to win her love fairly and faithfully, and I believe she loves me. I regret the madness of last night, as I fear you can never quite forgive my resorting to stratagem to secure your daughter, but you know, Mrs. Warberton, you have always been unfair to me, and severe in your judgment of me, and I determined to dare all and secure my prize without asking for her. Make any arrangements you like with Montrésor and I will be satisfied, madame, only tomorrow I shall claim my bride for good."

Then glancing at his watch, "If Montrésor is ready, I should like to see her now."

I rise and say I will see if she is ready, then I stop and say:

"A moment, Harold; before I go I wish to say that with your permission I want to settle whatever property I have that comes to Montrésor, on her, and I have already written to my lawyers to arrange it."

Harold looks amused at my prudence, but says: "Certainly, Mrs. Warberton, I agree to any terms you like, and am quite willing to sign a marriage contract securing a proper settlement from me to my wife. I will arrange all that with your lawyers and mine."

Montrésor is ready and waiting to see

me. I tell her the plans I have arranged with Harold, and beg her to remember that their fulfillment can only reconcile me to her marriage. How sweetly happy my darling looks as she runs to greet her husband. Alas! my mother heart is already wrung with bitter jealousy.

All is over. Montrésor was duly married in old St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. Our friends, of course, were rather surprised by this hurried marriage, but except to Lady Mary and Sir James Warberton I explained nothing. Poor Lady Mary is in deepest grief, and cannot forgive herself for leaving her charge in such uncertain hands.

Sir James gave Montrésor away, and his daughter Marion, and Frances Carrington,

were bridesmaids. Montrésor wore her court gown, and natural lilies of the valley placed where the rosebuds were. The bridesmaids were dressed in white; wore Gainsborough hats trimmed with plumes and Marshal Niel roses, and carried bouquets of roses.

Montrésor held no bouquet, but three exquisite day lilies were fastened in her corsage. My darling looked very beautiful and happy, and Harold was a distinguished looking groom. He has been very generous, his gifts to the bridesmaids being exquisitely jewelled hairpins; to Montrésor, a diamond necklace, earrings and tiara.

Dear old Abigail looked very brave in her brown silk frock and Sandy was im-

portant as a full rigged highlander in his mistress' honor.

I will not mar my treasure's wedding day with a black gown, so wear gray with white lace fichu and bonnet.

Mrs. Costello is very gracious. She seems satisfied with her son's choice, but she is just now deeply interested in Count de Viévé (a foreign political refugee, at present residing in London), and to whom, I believe, Mrs. Costello is engaged. We must forgive her if she is not over interested in the young people's affairs.

All return to breakfast at our house, where toasts are drunk and wedding cake cut, and then my darling leaves me for always. She and Harold go to Norway for the present, but expect later to cruise in

the Mediterranean, Harold having accepted the use of Archibald Graam's yacht, which has generously been placed at his service by his past rival.

Our good Abigail begged so hard to go with her "dearie," that Montrésor consented to have her accompany her. I am comforted by this arrangement, for Abigail will be a thoughtful help if Montrésor needs care or comforting, and can make Annette keep her proper place

As they depart, Harold holds my hand and says: "Are you satisfied now dear Mrs. Warberton? Do not be afraid to trust Montrésor to me; she shall be henceforth my most precious charge."

I kiss my darling with trembling lips; I say "Good-bye! God bless you both!" and

off the carriage goes, amid a shower of rice, old slippers, and flowers.

Such things always seem to provide themselves, for no matter how hurried the wedding, there is always some genius who remembers these old symbols of wedding luck.

Our guests depart and I am all alone, only the ghost of my past happiness to greet me. I seek my darling's room, her dainty sanctum, sacred to her sweet girlhood, each article bespeaking her dear presence there. The silver mounted bedstead with its pure white hangings; the coquettish Marie Antoinette toilet table with mirror and sconce of silver, which each day reflected her sweet self; her escritoire with a dainty note, even now un-

finished; her lounging chair, with half read book beside it,—all speak of her, and tell me she is gone, never to return to me the same fair sweet girl she left me. I bow my head in anguish and weep for very loneliness. I take her pen and write this

LAMENT.

Montrésor: my sweet gift from God,
  Sent to me as a tender solace
After months of long unbroken sorrow.
  Coming like a sunbeam,
A ray of light, to gladden and cheer
  A mourning, broken heart,
Thou hast been my treasure,
  My dear tender flower.
Guarded with a mother's fervent love,
  And held more precious than thy mother's life.
Oh! must I spare thee;
  Must I send thee forth,
A young untutored girl to dwell with strangers.
  To make thy home with those thou hast never known.
Those to whom thy sensitive and lofty nature
  Must ever be a page unread;
A chapter sealed, unlearned.
  Who knows so well as I thy loving, gentle heart,
And who will understand
  Thy wild, impulsive nature,

So full of willful humor and caprice?
  Will thy young husband bear with thee
As I have done?
  O God! in mercy grant he may.
God, fill his heart so full of love and tenderness
  That he will ever cherish and protect thee,
And fill thy life with joys untold
  And happiness complete.
The world seems dark to me to-night,
  My sun is set!
My hopes are shattered,
  My precious pearl is gone.
Taken from the shelter of my love,
  Transplanted to another home.
My castles built, all holding thee their brightest chatelain,
  Have fallen to the ground.
A cruel fate has torn thee from my arms—
  A mad infatuation has destroyed thy reason,
And made thee, a child in years, a wife
  Before thy girlhood was but half begun,
And placed upon thy brow
  The grave responsibilities of wifehood.
Montrésor! my daughter!
  O hast thou chosen well;
Hast thou well weighed the task before thee,
  And art thou willing to accept thy new and unlearned
    duty
With a smiling, fearless heart.
  O, may thy husband's love content thee
For thou hast broken thy poor mother's heart.

CHAPTER IX.

Thanks to Harold's good management, and the promptness of Montrésor's marriage, and its being conducted with proper ceremony and propriety, the midnight escapade was entirely suppressed. I do not think that any of our own circle, outside of those connected with the affair, ever heard of it.

"Town Gossip," a miserable little sheet given to scandal and blackmail generally, did announce that "Miss Warberton, the beautiful and accomplished young American who has won great social triumphs in London the past two seasons, was married at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster,

Thursday at noon, to the young American millionaire, Mr. Harold Costello, of New York. The wedding being a very quiet one, only immediate friends of the family were invited." Also this paragraph: "There is a report that a young lady of high social standing left the Duke X——'s ball very early, and accompanied by one or two friends, was married at midnight to a young American millionaire, but as we have been unable to secure details, we suppose this programme of the parties concerned was not carried out."

"The Queen" announced "Wedding in high life. The beautiful and accomplished Miss Warberton was married in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, Thursday noon, to the popular young American mil-

lionaire Mr. Harold Costello. The young people have gone to Norway. Miss Warberton, who is a very attractive American beauty, is the daughter of the late Colonel Warberton, of Bixby, Kent,—retired officer from H. M. Royal Engineers. Colonel Warberton and his two sons were among the lost on the wreck of the ill fated 'New Zealand' in '64, Mrs. Warberton being the only known survivor. Miss Warberton was born the following spring in Staten Island, N. Y. She was one of the young ladies presented by the Duchess of B—— last Tuesday, her beauty, grace, and charming toilet attracting great attention at the 'Drawing Room.' She has been a general social favorite, beloved and admired by all who knew her. We heart-

ily wish the young people long life and happiness."

I am stopping with Lady Mary. She, dear, kind soul, is all "broken up" over Montrésor's hasty marriage, and insisted on my coming to her for a while, at least, until I grow accustomed to my loneliness.

I hear from Montrésor almost every day, and even Harold writes me. He is surely trying to win and deserve my esteem.

Montrésor's letters teem with happiness. She seems thoroughly content with her new life, and sings Harold's praises so constantly it makes my heart ache to realize how little I am to her now. Then again her dear impulsive heart talks only of me, her want of little mother, and she is already making plans to have me with

her,—even Harold proposing that I shall make my home with them as soon as they decide to settle somewhere. It is a pleasure to realize that in the midst of all their joy I am not forgotten. I have had one or two letters from dear old Abigail. They are so quaintly Scotch I must copy one.

"Aboord the yacht 'Qui-vive,'

"September.

"Honored and respected Madame,

"Me Leddie

"I tak me pen in hand to let ye hear that all is well wi' me young lassie. She do be that gladsome, it maks me auld heart fair saft to see the gleesomeness of me dearie. Her husband is a braw laddie and taks guid care o' my young leddie.

"I hope this finds yoursel' in guid health, an cheerful.

"Honored madame, me leddie—the young mistress tells me, we soon will be in Men tone, an that you will cam to her.

"Hoping respected mistress to see you soon I am your obedient servant

"Abigail Mc Tavett.

"P. O. I tak me pen to tell ye, that me young mistress Costello is in the enjoyment of excellent health, she has not had sa much as a cauld for me to smother.

"Note—The French jillit is sae daft wi' the sailor laddies she maks me muckle sair, the young hizzie.

"Respectfully your servant

"Abigail."

I am not very merry these days, but poor old Abigail's "note" has made me laugh merrily. She has no use for Annette.

I sent announcement cards and wedding cake across the ocean to my good old friends Captain and Mrs. Robbins, and to Mrs. Stowell in Staten Island. The good captain and his wife have long since given up the sea. They live in East Hampton, L. I., and are enjoying a peaceful rest in quiet comfort. They invite me to visit them. I should like to.

Mrs. Stowell's letter is frankness itself. After wishing all happiness to Montrésor and sending her many congratulations, she finishes up by saying:

"I remember you never liked Har-

old Costello in the old days, but I hear he has turned out a fine, handsome young man, and very rich. I hope his future record will not be like his father's. Old man Costello was a sorry schemer, and made his riches in big bogus enterprises that built his fortune and ruined the small fry who put their savings in. I hope, as the boy has enough and to spare, that he will be content to spend his ill gotten wealth and not go in like his father did to swindle poor men, with 'watered stocks' and land schemes that are bottomless."

It was not a comforting letter surely, but as I had heard before that her husband had lost the bulk of his hard earned savings in one of the elder Costello's big enterprises, I did not wonder at her bit-

terness, and made up my mind to be happy in the present and not go on a bridge to meet trouble.

Harold has taken a villa at Mentone and writes me a most cordial invitation to join Montrésor at once. Montrésor has also invited Frances Carrington to spend a month with them. Frances and I will leave for Mentone in a fortnight.

I shall keep my house in Kensington for the present, and have installed Sandy as caretaker. I cannot bear to break up our old home, it is filled with the presence of my darling, and is sacred to me.

* * * * * * * * *

How glad I am to be with my dear child again. How beautiful she is, and how happy she appears, surrounded as she

is with gay courtiers. I fear my little girl's head will be turned.

Harold has taken the beautiful villa of Count C——, standing well up on the mountain side and facing the blue Mediterranean. It is a place to dream of, adorned as it is with rare old Venetian splendor and the exquisite frescoes of royal Italy.

Life here is but a round of pleasure, and at this season we meet everyday some of our London and American friends, indeed it seems as if the social element we enjoyed in London had simply been lifted bodily here, and we are going round on the same pivot, only under blue skies.

Montrésor is quite the "lion" of the

present show, and Harold seems very proud of her.

Harold is a royal entertainer, he outdoes royalty in his lavish expenditure. His home is a palace; his cook the envy of crowned heads, and his wife is the peerless beauty of the season. We have a large house party. Lady Babbington is here, especially desired by Harold. He says he owes all his happiness to her, for if she had not backed him in his unwarrantable plot to secure Montrésor, he would be still dancing attendance on his inamorata. Marie Temple is also here (she is Baroness Von Tazakel). Her husband is a fine looking young Austrian officer, but as he speaks little English I hardly know him.

Marie is a very handsome woman, tall and fair. She is in keeping with her position, and seems to appreciate her husband.

I asked her about little Jennie Jonson. She tells me Jennie is very well. She has secured her divorce from the count, and is now the wife of a senator. Truly hearts are easily healed in these days.

Beautiful Mentone! whose hills and valleys teem with records of the past. How out of keeping with thy ancient splendor is all this rush of modern innovation.

Oh swaying palms of Bordighera, thy fragrant zephyrs waft sweet incense o'er the blue waters of the sea. Ye speak to me of days now dead, forgotten. Ye are laden with the songs of a thousand souls; each plaintive murmur seems a prayer of

praise, a greeting to each new born day of love and sunshine.

In contrast to the restful charm of these hills and orange laden valleys stands Monte Carlo, rare palace of demoniacal passion, standing a sentinel of evil, casting a shadow of sorrow into the valley below. 'Tis well thy walls are speechless. 'Tis well thy graves are covered with flowers, and so the souls of thy victims lie buried and forgotten.

Amid the lurid splendors of yon glittering hell, mark ye the men and women that surround the tables. Is there mirth there? Can ye not see the imp of ill luck hovering near, and when one face glows with joy at success a hundred turn pale with despair, and so hearts are broken

and hopes and homes destroyed, because this palace of illusions continues to exist.

I spent an hour at Monte Carlo, and my heart has ached ever since. I do not recall the beauties and luxuries, the gay festivity, I only remember the weird, uncanny look of sad faced despairing men and women who crowd its halls, and I tremble to think that Harold and Montrésor are so near its baleful influence. With Harold's ideas of money I fear he will only too often find allurement in the gay halls of Monte Carlo.

We have had a *bal masque* and one of the features of this entertainment was the lighting with electricity the beautiful "Lake Flora" which lies in the valley below this lovely villa. There were gon-

dolas gliding amid myriad lights and flowers, and rare music filled the air with rapturous harmonies. Each globe of light was hidden amid the flowers, making the effect fairyland.

It was a magnificent sight. The villa salons were turned to floral temples of light and music, and the ball room seemed a veritable stalactite grotto, sparkling with a thousand colored jewels. The guests all wore courtiers' dresses, going back to the Egyptian and oriental costumes of the East.

Montrésor made a magnificent Cleopatra. Harold was a royal Xerxes. Grandville Carrington was excellent as Marc Antony. Lady Babbington was Lucreza Borgia. Frances Carrington made a sweet

looking Nydia. Marie—Baroness Von Tazekel was a royal Zenobia.

I claimed the right of years and a feeble constitution, to keep out of sight. Abigail and I watched this gorgeous pageant from a screened balcony which Harold provided especially for us.

And so our lives go on, each day filled with merrymaking and entertainment. In all this excitement I feel out of place. I long for the restful joys of a quiet home, where loving hearts commune with each other, and men and women have higher aims in life than following this chimera called fashionable life.

CHAPTER X.

How time slips by! I am grannie now, and little Arnold Warberton Costello is past four. He and his grannie are great chums, and between "Muzzer Abigail" and me, Arnold is in a fair way of being spoiled, his mother thinks.

We all live in a beautiful home in the Long Island hills, called "Braeside," and in winter we go to New York. We are often in England and on the continent, and spend a few weeks at our old home in Kensington very often, which is still kept open for our benefit.

Papa is a very busy man these days, and although still as great a votary of

pleasure and fashionable life as ever, he has big interests in the moving world, and is president and director in numberless corporations and big companies. He often wears an anxious face, and is spoken of by men as going at a fast rate and likely to topple over if he keeps it up.

The appointments of his establishment are unrivalled. He keeps a magnificent stud, and his yacht "Psyche" is superb. Proud of his beautiful wife, he places her at the head of all this splendor. But his fickle heart seeks diversion in gayer company and dissipation, and there is often a look of bitter discontent in my poor Montrésor's face that wrings my heart.

She, proud soul, bears herself in lofty silence, and so keeps the broken threads

of her existence out of public sight, and forgets her disappointments in a constant whirl of gaiety. Alas! how my heart aches for her. I have tried to comfort her, have tried to advise her. But even to me she never tells her wrongs but begs me to let her live her own life; that she knows best what she can endure and do.

I once ventured to speak to Harold. He has always been very considerate and courteous to me, so I thought I dare talk to him. It was just before Christmas a year ago. I found him alone in the library, and he looked dejected and unhappy. He had been off with a big stag party on the "Psyche" and showed the effects of his late debauch terribly. I laid my hand on his arm and said:

"Harold, why do you lead this wretched life; do you mean to tell me there is pleasure in it?"

He did not answer me at once, but sat biting his tawny mustache and presently said:

"Well, yes! there's a certain amount of fun in it, and besides, Mrs. Warberton, when a fellow gets drifted into this kind of thing, you know, he has to keep it up," and then he added with a smile, "We live fast now-a-days, and unless you go with the crowd, you better die and have done with it."

"And what about Montrésor," I ask, "have you no consideration for her happiness? Have you tired of your toy already?"

With a gleam of scornful indignation he replied:

"Pardon me, dear Mrs. Warberton, but I will not permit even you to speak of my wife as my toy. She is my better self. We men want toys for diversion and amusement, but not for wives. I am no worse than other men of my means and station. Montrésor is my wife. She is my pride, my queen, and rules supreme in my home and social position, but there is a grosser nature in us men, dear madame, that finds diversion in amusements not suitable for our wives. Montrésor is wise to leave me unmolested. With these peccadilloes she has nothing in common, they are merely *en-passant.* Montrésor is a lofty beauty; fit mother for my son,

and charming chatelaine for my establishments. My ambition is gratified in having such a wife and son, and in her position as head of all, and leader of our social privileges, she must be satisfied. I do not consider her a neglected wife."

I feel my indignation rise as I reply:

"You do not consider Montrésor a neglected wife? Is it not neglect to her to spend your time in reckless company, and dissipations she cannot share? Have you no heart, that you no longer appreciate the pure, sweet girl you vowed to love and cherish just five short years ago? Oh! Harold, do you think a woman's nature craves nothing more than mere social state; that to be a society queen, adorned in finest raiment, chatelaine of great

houses, courted by the votaries of fashion, satisfies a loving woman's heart? Has Montrésor no right to your affections? Oh! Harold, think what you are doing and save your self respect. Give your wife and child the love that they deserve, and do not chill her tender nature by such careless folly."

"You do not understand, Mrs. Warberton. We men demand more than mere domestic felicity. It is not that I care less for Montrésor, only one wants amusement; it is the longing for something we haven't got, the *forbidden* fruit that always tastes the sweetest, you know, and wives, if they are wise, let well enough alone, and find their happiness in their homes, their children, and their social po-

sition. Please to remember I give my wife countenance in all she does, and attend her whenever duty or society demands it."

"Yes, but how will you feel if your wife claims the same privilege, and seeks diversion and amusement too?"

"The cases are not parallel, my dear little mother. I have no fear in placing my honor in Montrésor's hands."

"No, Harold, you need not. I wish you would understand how much you have to fear in yourself."

We are all at "Braeside" and Montrésor has a gay house party. Grandville Carrington is stopping with us. He is now a member of Parliament (Conservative). He is always the same self-sustained, quiet

gentleman, gracious and gentle in manner to all, and has a mind well stored with useful, entertaining knowledge, and consequently is a charming companion. He has never married, and although he has never spoken on the subject, I can see he still holds Montrésor's image sacred, and loves her as loyally to-day as ever, but his admiration is tempered with refined consideration, and to her he is like a kind, courteous brother or dear friend, always ready to attend her, but never forgetting his respect for her as Harold's wife. I think he is sorry for her marriage, and is indignant often with Harold that he does not more highly appreciate Montrésor, but Grandville Carrington is always noncommittal.

His sister Frances is here too. She is now Mrs. Thomas. She captured a wealthy New Yorker two years ago, and is delightfully settled in New York. Then we have Sir Marmaduke and Lady Graydon and their two daughters, now lovely English girls of eighteen and twenty.

We also have a French marquis, an acquaintance of Harold's,—a scion of the old nobility, a man of the world, a "Beau Brummel," a lady killer.

The Marquis de Brabon has neither eyes nor ears for the young ladies, but, Frenchman like, devotes himself to Montrésor, and shows all too plainly his admiration.

My English nature is antagonized at once, I cannot endure the marquis. I be-

lieve I was born with an antipathy for Frenchmen, and certainly Monsieur de Brabon inspires my animosity more than anyone I have ever met. He is undoubtedly polished, with that exquisitely courtly manner so insinuating and impressive on young women who are fond of admiration and alive to flattery, and it distresses me to see Montrésor receive his attentions so graciously.

I can see that she enjoys being with him. He is always her escort. He sings charmingly, in a fine baritone, and accompanies himself delightfully on the guitar. Montrésor is fond of singing with him (Harold doesn't sing) and will often play an accompaniment to his guitar on the piano.

When monsieur sings he sings to madame only. He gives her exquisite bouquets, begs her to wear the flowers for his sake. If she rides, he will bow to the floor, hand her her whip, and implore the privilege of being madame's escort.

If a flower falls from her corsage he will pick it up with the air of a Chesterfield, kiss it, place it in his bosom and say: "Madame, veuilly Mon Trésor me permitter d'enricher mon pauvre cœur de' sole de ce delicieux souvenir."

And as his "piece de resistance" he has completely captured Arnold. When he isn't with Montrésor he devotes himself to the boy, rides with him, gives him toys, bonbons, and will tell him stories by the hour. Of course all this influences Mon-

trésor. She thinks the marquis irresistible, and Arnold swears by him.

And I, the silent mentor, look on, anxious and often worried. Sometimes I think Montrésor is doing this to test Harold, to excite his jealousy and let him feel the bitterness of slighted affection. Alas! if that is so, my darling is playing a dangerous game. She cannot play with fire and not get singed, and can I endure the sight of my dear one's pure wings blackened with the smudge of calumny?

I am trying to make up my mind to speak to Montrésor, to remonstrate with her and beg her to be more circumspect, but she will not listen or give me a chance, alas I fear she is in a reckless mood, and it would be folly to advise her.

I am surprised that Harold pays no attention to this little social drama. He is a royal entertainer; courtesy itself to his guests, and always most polite to the marquis, although I do not think he admires him very much. He is often from home, two and three days together, and to me he looks troubled. I fear he has business annoyances that are greater than he wishes us to know or than he even wants to think of himself; he has the air of a man in some desperate strait.

He drinks more than he should, and seems unnaturally gay to me, as if trying to appear as he doesn't feel. Poor fellow, I fear in his mad ambition to be a "money king" he has undone himself, and finds he is involved in undertakings he knows not

how to manage. O, why will men keep chasing the golden butterfly; why not be content with moderation; live in simple fashion, and when possessed, as Harold was, of a handsome fortune, be satisfied to take their ease and enjoy their lives in domestic life and intellectual pursuits?

Alas! how seldom in these days do men retire, and simply live and enjoy their incomes. The only really happy ones seem to be the men with moderate means. They, never having tasted the illusive joy of great wealth, take pleasure in what they have, and find amusement in contemplating what they will do, if some day they become millionaires.

It irritates me that Harold seems so indifferent to monsieur's devotion to Mon-

trésor. One day I asked him why he invited the marquis to visit him. He gave me a quick glance and said:

"Why do you ask? you don't like him, I expect."

"No, I do not like the marquis, I wish you hadn't asked him here," I replied.

Harold laughed and said:

"Oh don't begrudge him his visit, poor devil, it will save him a hotel bill, and I guess he'll appreciate that, and besides, little mamma (Harold always calls me little mother or mamma when he wants to be particularly kind), his people entertained me royally in France, both in Paris and at the marquis's chateau. I could not do less than invite him here. 'Noblesse ob-

lige,' you know; you would not have me discourteous, would you?"

Ignoring his remark, I said:

"Were you married when you were the Marquis de Brabon's guest?" Harold looked at me a moment and then said:

"No, I was not, but what has that to do with it?"

"I fear much more than you imagine, Harold. A man should be careful whom he asks into the bosom of his family. I hope you will never regret asking this Frenchman to your house. I do not like him and do not trust him."

Harold laughed, patted my hand and said:

"I am afraid you are a prejudiced little woman, mamma, but don't worry about

our French friend. He evidently is agreeable to Montrésor, and it pleases me to see her amused. I am satisfied she will know where to draw the line. Rest assured, if circumstances demand it, I will know how to defend my honor and my wife."

He takes my hand, kisses it gallantly, and leaves me. I am not satisfied. I cannot understand his cool indifference. I fear he has some especial reason for wanting Montrésor diverted, and it distresses me to think so. Well, there is nothing I can do but think and wait.

I find amusement and comfort with little Arnold, who is often with me. We wander over the hills together, and I often drive with him in his pony phæton, Pete,

the tiger, sitting in the rumble. Pete is a handsome West Indian boy, devoted to Arnold.

The days are all a round of pleasure, and the "Psyche" is constantly in demand, Montrésor going for short trips with her friends about the coast. Many of these excursions Harold is out of, pleading business engagements as his excuse for absence.

CHAPTER XI.

One day we are all at home and lounging on the upper gallery, when Harold suddenly said to Montrésor:

"I have asked an old fellow to come up to dinner and stay a day or two, Montrésor. As he isn't a particularly fascinating man, I thought I'd mention him now. I have business relations with him, my dear, and I want you to be gracious to him for my sake."

"Who is he?" Montrésor asked.

"Weaver! you remember I introduced him to you one day last winter in my office. He was charmed with Madame, and

is very anxious to come to 'Braeside' and pay his respects."

"Yes, I remember him, a horrid looking fellow; looks like a stage villain, with his gold spectacles, dyed hair and mustache, and he says 'yes ma'am' and 'no ma'am' to me whenever he speaks."

"I see he made an impression on you, too," said Harold laughing.

"Yes, but not a favorable one. What do you ask him here for? I simply won't receive him, he's horrible."

"Oh yes you will, for my sake. It's a matter of business, my dear, and our friends will excuse the undesired addition to our circle, I am sure."

There was a general consent given, Lady Graydon going so far as to say she thought

"it would be delightful to meet such a charmingly original individual."

Harold explained that Mr. Weaver had been connected in business with his father, indeed they were old business acquaintances, having many interests in common, and that he felt kindly towards the old gentleman. He continued:

"He's a self made man; one of those individuals who make you feel the Lord is relieved of a great responsibility by not being his sponsor. He has a better appreciation of acquiring dollars than of mastering the English language. His wealth is countless, and he has great power over men; in the language of politics a 'great political pull', you know. In these days we have to recognize such people, for they

pull the wires that make the wheels go round," and patting Montrésor's cheek he kissed her, said, "Thank you, dear, I shall expect you to look your loveliest and be your sweetest to-morrow."

He put his arm through Grandville Carrington's and carried him and Sir Marmaduke off for a game of billiards. Montrésor looked anything but pleased, but said nothing, and so the subject was dropped.

Next morning I was in Montrésor's room when Harold came in. He looked nervous, and evidently wanted to say something that he felt would not be kindly received. After one or two casual remarks he asked Montrésor to give Mr. Weaver the seat of honor at dinner that evening, as he wanted to be particularly polite to him.

Montrésor flatly refused, saying: "It was enough to have such objectionable people brought to the house, without asking her to especially favor them; that the seat of honor belonged by right to the marquis, and that he should have it, he being the only nobleman in the party."

"Oh, I'll make it all right with de Brabon," Harold said, "and Montrésor, really you must do as I ask you. Old Weaver is very sensitive about being in great company, and I depend on you to make him feel at home."

"Then you may give it up," she said, "for I won't bother with him. I'm not going to deprive de Brabon of his privilege to sit on my right for the sake of that old boor, who can't talk of anything but stocks

and bonds. I'll tie a sash on him and you can put him on your right. Lady Graydon will excuse the oversight for once, and I am sure she might enjoy having Grandville Carrington for her escort to-night. You have been uncomfortably moody lately."

Harold kept biting his mustache until she finished her tirade, and then he turned on her like a lion at bay, and, pale with fury, exclaimed: "Montrésor, don't fool with me, I won't have it. I insist upon your receiving Mr. Weaver as I wish to-night, and he shall sit at your right hand in the place of honor at our table."

I saw Montrésor's face flash with indignation, and she drew herself to her full height and said:

"I won't receive him. He is offensive to me; I despise the man, he looks evil, untrustworthy. If you have anything in common with him, get out of it as quickly as you can. Don't expect me to receive this old viper, for I won't," then turned and left the room before Harold could answer.

I was a pained witness of this scene. Never before had I seen Harold lose his temper with Montrésor though many times I had felt he might almost do so justly, for Montrésor is a willful beauty and often unreasonable.

Harold has always been most gentlemanly and polite to his wife. For some moments he didn't speak, and then he came over to me and said:

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Warberton,

for creating such a scene. Please forgive me. I am unusually worried to-day, and there are special reasons that make it particularly desirable for me to show this man attention. I wish I could persuade Montrésor to do as I desire, but I fear I have antagonized her by my hasty temper. Will you intercede for me, little mother, and see what you can do?"

"I will try, Harold," I said, "but you must not expect too much. Montrésor is willful and hard to influence these days."

Harold took my hand and looked at me steadily a moment, then in a voice throbbing with emotion he said:

"Mrs. Warberton, believe me, this is no idle whim, it is life to me. That man

holds me and all I own in the hollow of his hand."

Alas! I knew he was speaking the truth. For months I had felt that Harold's affairs were worrying him. I pitied him sincerely.

I found Montrésor, and after a while persuaded her to do as Harold wanted. Harold went to her to thank her for acceding to his request, and carried a beautiful bouquet of orchids from the greenhouse, asking her to wear them at dinner. I thought I would turn to stone when she said:

"You had better send your flowers elsewhere. I shall wear fleur-de-lis to-night in honor of de Brabon."

I saw Harold turn pale, but he bit his lip and kept his temper and said:

"Montrésor, don't allow your spite against me to induce you to do a thing you must regret. If you wear the marquis's flowers to-night, you will compel me to insult him. I will not sit at table with him if you do. Indeed, if you defy me, I will make it a point of honor for him to absent himself from our house at once."

I trembled all over. I tried to look at Montrésor to catch her eye in hopes of persuading her to be reasonable, but in a voice, the scorn of which I shall never forget, she said; with a contemptuous laugh:

"Do your worst; henceforth remember you and I live with drawn swords. You

dare to insult me because a gentleman, our own guest, chooses to be polite and attentive to me. I gave up the courtsey that is his due to gratify some whim of yours, I know not what, but to please mamma, not you, I yielded. I do not want your flowers. What are these you give me more than any other from the greenhouse? The only difference is, these have been polluted by the touch of your hand. You are my husband, true, but you are not my lover, you have forfeited your right to that position. Go find your consolation with your light-o-loves; go to the arms of La belle Clair; she will console you, possibly, but leave me and my actions alone. I am your wife and mother of your son, and mistress of your home, but I will not

touch you or let you touch me, except as our position demands it."

"And," said Harold, his face white with rage, "our position demands it to-night, and unless you want your Frenchman's face slapped, wear my flowers, and not his."

As he left the room I turned to Montrésor. She stood white and scornful, unmoved. I rose and locked the door. I laid my hand upon her arm, and then said:

"Montrésor, have you no womanhood left, have you no thought of your son? Why, oh why defy your husband in this fashion? Was there any justice in your insulting Harold? Would you expect your husband to be a man and allow his wife to insult his manhood as you have done?" She

would not answer but threw herself upon a couch and burst into tears. "O girl! how could you? If you live with Harold at least live with him in peace. At least keep up a semblance of decency, out of respect to your guests, to me, if you have none for yourself. My daughter! my darling! think, I beg of you. Let me call Harold back; take back your bitter words, dear child. Believe me, you will regret them if you do not."

She rose up. Her eyes seemed like coals of fire; her face white and set. She looked like an evil spirit as she said: "I take back my words? Never! mamma, you do not understand. The end has come, I can endure no more. Do you think it is nothing to me to know my husband keeps a

mistress; to know that I am only one of his possessions—a lay figure, to keep up his respectability; to bear his children? His love, his passion, is given to an actress, and she flaunts her ill-gotten triumphs in my face. I am the wife, neglected, unloved, unsought, and to-day he finished all by insulting my friend, a gentleman who honors and esteems me."

"No, Montrésor, the Marquis de Brabon does not honor you, or he would never dare insult your husband as he does by his marked devotion to you, and you, if you had the self respect you should have, if you had not forgotten your womanhood, would give him to understand that his attentions were not desired."

Montrésor answers defiantly:

"Why shouldn't I receive his homage? Why shouldn't I find consolation in the society of a man who is agreeable to me? Is it fair or just that Harold should console himself with women and I be denied the privilege of common politeness in my own house?"

"My dear, the marquis is more than commonly polite to you, and besides, dear, your husband does not insult you by bringing his women into your presence. If you have a lover in your house you not only disgrace yourself, but your friends, your child, your mother, and above all your husband's honor. It is an unfair code, my dear, but it has existed many years. Men claim to be privileged and custom has tolerated man's infidelity, but a woman's,

never! Remember, I do not approve of Harold's conduct, and you are privileged to divorce him if so inclined, but his actions do not justify your disgracing yourself. My darling, I think you have made a mistake, and now you must either give up at once and leave Harold, or make peace with him. Remember, dear, he has not insulted you to-day, but you have insulted him grossly, and it is your place to offer reconciliation."

I turned towards the door intending to leave the room, but Montrésor stopped me. She was standing; she said:

"Mamma, if you were in my place would you divorce Harold?"

I did not answer immediately, then said:

"No, dear! First I do not believe in divorce. Marriage is for life and should be accepted as such. Remember, dear, for better, for worse, until death us do part. Before God you have taken that vow, do not forget it! Perhaps, dear, you have made some mistake; perhaps you have not always tried to keep your husband's love. Sometimes women are foolish, irritable, exacting, show indifference to their husband's caresses, are inattentive and ungracious."

"Oh, mamma, you are always thinking of our duty to our husbands. Have men no duties to think of?"

"Yes, dear, many, and they often neglect them, but it is a woman's privilege to win, 'tis man's to sue for love. And, dear,

I am convinced if the women of to-day thought more of keeping their husband's love, and less of flouting their independence in their faces, there would be more happiness and fewer divorces. A woman with tact can do almost as she likes with a man, if she doesn't defy him. There should be no mastering on either side, but thoughtful attention and consideration. Let your marriage motto be 'Bear and forbear.' Many women consider it a degradation to wait upon their husbands. To me it is a privilege, and I can think of nothing lovelier than a woman doing little favors and attentions for her husband, and believe me, dear, men appreciate these things more than you would think. Men often find consolation in their mistresses that their

wives deny them. Such women cater to their lovers, humor their whims. Is it to be wondered men find diversion in being in their company? Oh Montrésor! If wives would only try half as hard to keep their husbands as these women do to win their lovers, believe me, there would be fewer unhappy homes."

"But, mamma, why is it you think so much more of a woman's duty to her husband than of his duty to her? Women are not looked upon as man's inferior now-a-days. We stand on equal footing, and should have equal rights."

"In the civilized world, Montrésor, woman has always been recognized as she deserves. 'Tis true she was not given as high an education as man in the old days,

and she did not need it. She was his companion, helpmeet, friend, and often his adviser, but he was her shield and guide, and that is as it should be. No woman who has self respect will marry a man she does not honor and is not willing to look up to as the head of her house. Believe me, dear, in all conditions there must be a head, a leader. Do you not think the man is better fitted to hold this position than the woman? And if so there is nothing derogatory in a wife accepting her husband's authority and doing as he desires. No *man* orders a woman, and if a woman has brains, heart and affectionate consideration, she can *wheedle* a man out of even his convictions. Indeed, my dear, if women only realized how much more they can get out of life by

being the *weaker vessel*, they would be satisfied to have it so, and not set themselves up in defiance and unwomanly assertion."

"And, mamma, you think men are justified in their infidelity, but a woman must endure and be satisfied to be a neglected wife, rather than seek diversion and consolation for herself."

"My darling, two wrongs won't make one right, and I cannot understand the possibility of a refined woman finding consolation in dishonor. My dear, we shouldn't do right and be honest, loyal wives for the sake of our husband's opinion but for our conscience sake. A true woman makes a a standard for herself and tries to live up to it, no matter what her husband does.

Man's infidelity is a deplorable, despicable vice and intolerable, but a wife's infidelity is abomination."

"I cannot see the difference, mamma, I cannot see why one law should exist for man and not for woman."

"It should not, dear, but it does, and besides, the cases are not parallel and never can be. My dear child, think. Can you imagine anything more heartrending than a 'fallen woman?' Is it not heartbreaking that such exist?"

"Yes, indeed, but they would not exist if men were honest and decent."

"Certainly not, but neither would any vice exist if virtue reigned. What we have to do with, is things as they are. We can pity and strive to reform the fallen and

be merciful to them, and by being noble true women ourselves, help to make the world better."

"And you think you could forgive a husband's unfaithfulness, mamma?

"Montrésor, darling, I dare not say. I have never been tried, but I think I would reason fairly. I think we should look at these things not only from our own standard, but try to think of it from a man's standpoint. Infidelity has been tolerated in men by decent society for many years. Men known to lead dissolute lives are received in the best (or so called best) society. Young men of fashion are brought up with the idea that if they have means the correct thing is for them to have an 'amourette.' And I have no doubt men

often drift into this vice without the least intention of wronging their wives. Men have a fashion of putting their wives on a pedestal. They love to think of them as examples of pure, lovely womanhood, and they feel that by giving them this respect; giving them the rights of motherhood, of position, they do their duty, and that as long as their wives' dignity is unmolested, they do not wrong her. This is a deplorable code, my darling, but it exists, and if a woman marries a man who is imbued with these ideas, she should, to my thinking, accept her fate, and make the best of it, and not drag her grievances through a divorce court for the public benefit."

"But, mamma, no woman can love a man who is untrue to her. Why should she not

get a divorce and marry one she can love?" "She should if she can reconcile her conscience to it, but I can conceive no greater horror than divorce. I cannot understand a woman's temperament who could be willing to get such a release, and marry, knowing the man lives who is her husband, and the father of her children.

"My darling, I do not wish to influence you in this matter; you know best what will make you happiest, but my advice to you is, to strive first to win your husband from evil. Try to save him from destruction for your boy's sake; be his savior, and by your noble self sacrifice redeem him. Modern ideas are averse to this, I know, but if you would secure your own happiness, be a noble, true, loyal woman,

and stand by your marriage vows to the end. 'For better, for worse, until death us do part.' "

I kissed her sad face, from which all trace of anger was now gone, and saying:

"Don't forget your guests, dear. If I were you I would wear Harold's flowers to-night. Remember, you are the aggressor, not he. With all his faults he has always treated you kindly and royally. Try and be your own true self, and not a willful, angry girl, and darling, don't throw away your lovely womanhood by listening to the flatteries of a false hearted man."

I left her with a heavy heart and trembling limbs, my nerves too shaken to endure much more.

I did not see Montrésor again until din-

ner. She wore a white satin frock and never looked lovelier, although paler and more spirituelle than usual. Harold's orchids were in her corsage. I shall never forget the glance of thanks he gave me, or the look of gratitude he bestowed on Montrésor, as he took her hand and said:

"Thank you, sweet wife."

CHAPTER XII.

My health is failing, and my doctor insists that I must spend the winter in some southern clime. Harold wants Montrésor to take Arnold and accompany me to the south of France, but he cannot go with us and I am unwilling to go without him. So I compromise by going to Florida, taking Abigail with me.

I have been here four weeks to-day. I think I feel stronger, and I am trying to enjoy these balmy breezes. St. Augustine is a quaint old town, and the verdure, the lovely flowers, make it perpetual summer. I live very quietly in a private

boarding house, preferring the seclusion. I do not enjoy living in a hotel.

Montrésor's letters teem as usual with accounts of constant gaiety and amusements. I fear my darling is trying to find distraction in mad social folly, from the sorrows and disappointments of life. My poor baby! my precious child. Oh, why has fate been so cruel; oh, why have I been unable to save you from sorrow.

I have only heard once from Harold. It was a short letter in reference to some business he attended to for me, but one sentence at the close has haunted me ever since. It is this: "God bless you, little mother, if only the world was blessed with more true hearts like yours. If there is any good in me, it is due to your sweet

influence. Try to think kindly of me. If I have any honor left, it is your generous consideration that will save my manhood. Montrésor, my precious, wife is well, but alas! I fear the love I have forfeited through folly will never be mine again."

I ponder over these words and try to solve their meaning. With all his faults there are lovable qualities in Harold's nature, and I am fond of him.

Harold is the victim of environment, a spoiled, humored boy, brought up in the lap of luxury. Thrown in the midst of temptations in his manhood; taught to consider wealth, well or ill-gotten, as the only object in life worth having, it is a wonder to me he is what he is,—a gentleman, not with high principles, but cour-

teous, refined, and always loyal in his admiration of honest womanhood.

It is the beginning of March. Abigail and I have been talking about Montrésor and little Arnold, and I am thinking I will go home and surprise them. I have always been with her and Arnold on their birthdays, and I cannot bear the thought of having a break now. Montrésor and Arnold are both March children, her birthday the fourteenth, his the seventeenth.

While I am happy thinking all this and of the glad surprise my coming will be to Montrésor, and the delight of little Arnold at having his grannie home, a servant brings me a telegram. I tremble all over. Abigail opens it and gives it to

me. It is only a few lines from Montrésor: "Arnold and I leave New York for St. Augustine. Will telegraph what train later. Montrésor."

I feel quite happy over my telegram. Concluding my dear child has, like me, made up her mind that they would spend their birthdays with me, Abigail and I talk it all over. I busy myself making plans for the entertainment of my dear ones.

Another day has come and I am wondering when I ought to expect them, when a second telegram is given me. It reads:

"I have returned to Harold. Can you come to me? Arnold all right. Montrésor."

This is from "Braeside."

I wonder what can be the matter, and cannot understand Montrésor's being at "Braeside" at this season. Something has happened, my heart stands still with horror.

Abigail, as usual, dear, sensible old friend, takes all the management. She telegraphs to Montrésor. She soothes and tries to cheer me, and under her guidance I arrive safely in New York.

Sandy Cameron (now Harold's steward) meets us at the train. He has a grave face but says very little to my inquiries, merely assuring me that Mistress Costello is well and also master Arnold. Mr. Costello has had an accident, but is improving. I ask no more questions but keep my own thoughts, and, anxious and weary, I reach "Braeside."

It is almost dark when we arrive at the house. Montrésor meets me at the door. Alas! I need no telling. I know instinctively that whatever her trouble is, it is the end now. Her face shows lines of agony; she must have endured much to look so sad and horror stricken.

"Thank God! dear mother you are here. There is little time to spare. Harold is dying; the doctors think he cannot live another day. Mother, there has been a dreadful mistake altogether. Oh God, if I could only save him, how gladly I would do so."

She breaks down completely and falls weeping at my feet. I take her dear head on my lap, I try to soothe her. I say:

"Darling, what has happened? Is Har-

old dying in consequence of an accident?"

She looks helpless, as if words failed her, but says presently in a trembling tone:

"Mamma, Harold shot himself last Tuesday night, no, it was Wednesday morning at half past four. Oh, it is a long story, I cannot tell you all now. My heart is breaking with anguish for I know I am to blame. I goaded him to it, I scorned him, in his trouble, I left him cruelly and bitterly. I shall never forget his broken hearted despair as he held out his hands to me, crying: 'Montresor, my wife, my darling, don't leave me, don't forsake me now.'"

"My precious child, what caused this fearful sorrow?"

"I cannot explain all now, mamma, but Harold has lost everything, fortune, honor, all, and I scorned and trampled on him. That monster Weaver is the cause of it. I do not know particulars yet, I must wait until Harold's lawyers can arrange and settle things. Oh, mamma, I do not care for the money, or even for the disgrace, if only Harold had saved himself. Poor fellow, poor broken-hearted husband. I know he has been more sinned against than sinning, and I deserted him when he needed me most," and she lies prostrate at my feet with grief.

"My darling, don't despair. This cross has come that greater wrong shall be averted. Be brave for Arnold's sake, and

comfort Harold all you can, now. God help us," is all I can say.

I did not see Harold until next morning, then I stepped into his room only a moment. He seemed to be sleeping, and was breathing heavily. Oh how my heart bleeds to see him thus. So young, so handsome, only thirty, in the full vigor of his manhood. Oh God, why must he go, why has he done this fearful thing, why force this dreadful sorrow upon his wife and child?

Poor old Abigail is grief stricken. She tells me that Sandy told her the master arrived at "Braeside" Tuesday evening. He looked ill, and came alone. Only Sandy and one or two servants were at the house.

Mr. Costello ordered a fire in the library, and said he had business to attend to, and must not be disturbed. He ordered brandy. Sandy attended to his orders, and took him in a tray of dinner at seven o'clock, and then replenished the fire. He did not see his master again until half past four next morning.

Sandy felt anxious, and thinking he might be needed, he sat up in the hall near the library door. Hours passed, and except the sound of rustling paper or the tinkle of glass, he heard nothing. He looked at his watch at four o'clock. He heard his master moving about the room and thought he heard the click of a pistol. He opened the door cautiously, and was only in time to strike downwards his

master's hand. Harold stood before the mantel mirror, the revolver aimed at his temple.

Sandy knocked his arm, hoping to send the pistol out of his hand, but it was discharged, the ball entering the abdomen. His master fell into his arms. Sandy placed Harold on the sofa, poured some brandy down his lips, roused the other servants, sent for a doctor, and telegraphed to New York for the family physician. Wednesday afternoon Montrésor arrived at "Braeside" with Arnold. She did not know of the fearful tragedy until after her arrival. She had left their New York house Tuesday afternoon. No one knew where she had gone, but supposed she had come to me.

Montrésor had gone to the B—— house on the west side, intending to leave for Florida early next morning. In the night she had a fearful dream. She fancied she heard Harold call her; that he was in great distress, in trouble, and had Arnold with him. She awoke with a scream, comforted to find her baby by her side, but rose early and returned to her own home to find Harold gone. The servants said he told the coachman to drive to the L. I. R. R.; they concluded he must be at "Braeside." She followed at once and found her husband dying, shot by his own hand.

Harold passed away at midnight Saturday. He was sensible to the last, perfectly composed. He died holding my hand, his head resting on Montrésor's arm. He

kissed his boy good-bye and prayed he would live to comfort his mother and be a noble man.

He thanked me for my goodness to him, and begged me to guide his boy and teach him a love for honor and truth.

His lips trembled and his eyes were full of tears as he kissed his wife good-bye, and said:

"Montrésor, my wife, my treasure. O! God in mercy forgive the weakness that ever tempted me to wrong you. Too late, my darling, I regret the follies that robbed me of your love and respect."

Montrésor comforted him as best she could, and assured him she loved him in spite of all.

As soon as possible we left the affairs

in Sandy's, and Harold's lawyer's hands, and Montrésor and Arnold returned south with me. We are in C——, South Carolina. Abigail is as ever our help, our comfort and our shield.

CHAPTER XIII.

One evening when Montrésor and I were quite alone, I ventured to ask her the particulars of her last interview with Harold She rose and said:

"Oh, mamma, I can't speak of it. Oh, mother, if I had only waited to listen and to think." She stood leaning against the mantel the picture of grief. Alas! how sad she looked in her close fitting mourning gown and widow's weeds; her hair banded severely under her widow's cap; her ringless hands clasped, their glistening whiteness standing out against her deep black frock.

I went to her, kissed her and said:

"Be comforted, darling, don't speak if you would rather not."

"Yes, mamma, I will," she answered, "I must; it is all I can do now for Harold. Listen. After you left us, mamma, things got worse and worse between Harold and me. He was away a great deal, often all night. He said business called him out of town. I did not believe him. I accused him of spending his time with Mademoiselle Clair. He swore he had not been near her for months; that he had given her up and settled with her. I did not, would not believe him, and I kept away from him, hardly letting him meet me anywhere. Once or twice we had to meet social engagements together, but although with him I never spoke to him unless cir-

cumstances compelled me. To drown my misery I kept constantly on the go, attending everything and going often to places I would not have thought of visiting, but I was determined to keep away from Harold. And oh, mamma, forgive me, try to, all this time I was meeting de Brabon and listening to his flattery." I gave her a look of horror, but she answered quickly: "Don't look so frightened, mamma, dear. There really was nothing in these meetings. I was always circumspect; I never went anywhere with de Brabon or met him alone, but we met at the houses of mutual friends. Yes, dear, I did enjoy being in his company. He always studied to please and amuse me.

He is musical and fond of art. I liked to talk with him.

"One day I had gone with Harold to the Kellen's (you know Jennie de Barbae married Mr. Kellen). It was a big musicale. There were crowds of our set there, and among them de Brabon. It was the first time this season that I had met the marquis when Harold was with me. As de Brabon came forward to greet us, I saw Harold's face turn pale, then flush, but he returned the salute and we moved on to greet some one else. Harold simply said:

"'Montrésor, I wish you wouldn't receive attention from de Brabon to-night!'

"I don't know what ailed me, some devil tempted me, I expect, but I looked up at him, laughed mockingly, and said:

" 'I suppose it disconcerts you to know that there are men in the world who appreciate your wife, and whom I find agreeable. I am not going to spend a stupid evening on your account, rest assured.' Harold kept his temper, though he did press my arm very hard, but he only said:

" 'Montréssor, I trust you, I am sure you will never forget your own self respect.'

"Mr. Thomas and Frances came to speak to us and we drifted apart among the crowd. As soon as Harold was out of sight de Brabon came up and began talking to me. I did not intend to humor him, and had really made up my mind to please Harold if possible and avoid him, but. I could not get rid of him, and he

spent most of the evening lounging at my side. He was more than usually entertaining, and introduced me to all of the musical stars. Several of them were from the new opera company.

"It was just before supper. I was standing with several others near the conservatory, chatting. Harold was talking to Frances Thomas across the room. de Brabon came forward. He had a man with him carrying a tray of refreshments. He bowed to me and said:

" 'Mrs. Costello, let us go into the conservatory and have supper; it is much cooler than the supper room. I think I have provided all the dainties you like.' I hesitated just a second. I glanced at Harold and saw that he was watching me

closely. A desperate determination seized me to wrench his heart.

"I went with de Brabon. I must say I did not eat any supper, I felt too unhappy, but I sat there and let the marquis talk to me. He was chaffing me on my loss of appetite, when I glanced up and found Harold at my side.

"Montrésor, if you are ready we will go,' he said quietly, 'the carriage has been waiting a long time.'

"He had my wrap on his arm. We made our adieus and left immediately. Harold's face warned me not to protest. I had never seen him look so stern, so wretched, before. de Brabon accompanied me to the carriage and I said good night there. Harold did not speak to me

until we reached home. As I left him to go up stairs, he said:

" 'Montrésor, my wife, don't try to punish me by sacrificing yourself; you must not do that for our boy's sake. Be true to your better self and cut de Brabon before he and the world make you an outcast.'

"I turned to him in fury and said:

" 'I am able to take care of myself. de Brabon is more to me than you are. I'd rather give you up.'

"Oh mother! mother! think of my saying that. In a minute I would have given worlds to have recalled my words. Without a word Harold turned and left the house, and I was alone with my agony and my remorse. I spent my night weep-

ing, and resolving to be different. I prayed for Harold to come home, but he did not. At last wearied and worn out I fell asleep.

"For days I did not go anywhere. I devoted myself to Arnold, took him to see plays, and driving, and when de Brabon called I sent word I was not at home.

"During this time I only met Harold twice. He never dined at home unless we had friends with us. Once I met him in the hall. I had been to kiss Arnold good night. He passed me and went in to see Arnold, we did not speak. The next time was one morning, the tenth of March, I think. I was going to Madame Tyler's to order some frocks, and I heard loud

voices talking in the library. It was Harold and that man Weaver.

" 'It's a lie, you know I am not responsible for these debts, I will not shoulder them. You are a thief as well as a liar and scoundrel,' said Harold. Then I heard Weaver say: 'You are as big a thief as I am, and you'll find it out unless you help me suppress this thing!' 'That I'll never do,' said Harold in a thundering tone. 'Do your worst, and now leave me before I break your neck.'

"With these words he opened the door and pushed Weaver out. I hid behind the portiere in the hall and waited for Weaver to go. Weaver turned, swore dreadfully at Harold, and slammed out of the house. I waited a few moments, then

I went in to Harold through the drawing room, intending to find out if possible what was really his trouble, intending to try and help him.

"I found him sitting at the table, his head resting on his hands, the picture of despair. He had evidently been drinking heavily, a decanter of brandy stood on the table, and two glasses. I laid my hand on his arm and said:

" 'Harold, let me help you; I will if I can.'

"He looked at me a moment, then burst into tears. I felt dreadfully sorry for him, and said if he would only tell me what to do I would try and comfort him. He took me in his arms, kissed me over and over again and said:

" 'Oh Montrésor, if you will help me I may yet be saved.'

"We talked together a long time. Harold told me all about Weaver and his power over him. He said: "just after our marriage Weaver began a system of blackmail. Weaver had had business relations with Harold's father and had done underhand work to carry through some of his fraudulent schemes. Harold said he knew all his father's dealings had not been *square*, but that he had no definite knowledge and didn't want it, and that he would have nothing to do with Weaver.

"Then two years ago, shortly after we returned from Europe, it was just the beginning of hard times, when the money markets were so depressed, Weaver came

to see Harold with a big mining project in which he had an interest and brought some wonderful specimens of quartz to show him; saying he didn't want him to do anything about it or be responsible in any way, only to consent to being president of the company, and allow his name to be used in floating it.

"It looked like a bonanza, and Harold, who was just then much worried over his affairs in consequence of the depreciation in value of certain bonds he held, besides needing money badly, and could not bear the idea of retrenching expenses, but wanted to keep going at the same extravagant pace, was tempted to accept Weaver's offer.

"The scheme worked; money poured into

his coffers. He imagined it was endless, and launched forth into greater indulgence. Then Weaver got up a Mexican land deal and worked him into that, and finally, like the spider and the fly, Weaver got him completely in his clutches, making him the catspaw and saving himself.

"The mine and land scheme failed to meet the public demand. New dupes could not be found. People who had money in the venture wanted to withdraw it. There was no money; there was no mine; the quartz had been bought by Weaver to deceive Harold and others. The land in Mexico existed only on the maps Weaver had drawn up for the purpose.

"The people who had invested their money in these schemes were ruined un-

less Harold and the other backers made good their losses. Both he and Weaver were liable to arrest for obtaining money under false pretenses, for the transactions involved millions, and all he possessed would be only a drop in the bucket. Why not fly and leave it all? He would transfer his property to you, and we would go to Europe and so escape the ignominy and the loss of fortune. What had we to do with the masses? He was not to blame for their losses; he did not know the enterprises were frauds, he was not guilty. He said: 'Oh Montrésor, my wife, my darling, let us leave this accursed country, this land of sharpers and blackmail. With you, our boy and little mother, I can be happy anywhere. Come with me, darling,

and let the vipers rot. What need we care for the disappointment of a score or so of people we take no interest in? We will have enough and can enjoy life in other lands.'

"Then in the passion of despair he caught me to his breast, kissed me again and again and said hoarsely:

"'Yes, sweet wife, we'll go, we'll go, and go at once.'

"Stunned as I was I realized all the horror of it in a moment. I wrenched myself from his embrace, and standing before him with flashing eyes, my whole being wrought to such a pitch I could hardly stand, I cried:

"Never! never! stand back! don't dare to touch me. You would drag me, my mother

and my son down into this mire of crime. No, a thousand times no. I'll go a beggar into the streets first; I'll take my boy and leave you to your fate. Take your recreant mistress Claire with you and go abroad; enjoy your ill gotten gains with her. I'll have none of it, no, never!' He caught me by the hands, his bloodshot eyes almost bursting from their sockets; his voice so low, so deep, it seemed like thunder. He said:

"'Woman, you shall go. you shall not leave me now. I have no mistress; you are my life, my wife. Montrésor, you shall not desert me. Why should we heed the voices of these whining hounds; why listen to them?'

"Again I forced myself from his grasp,

and cried: 'Why? because it's your salvation; because your honor demands it; because God's justice claims it. Monster, I abhor you. I hope I'll never see your face again.'

"I turned and left the room. I glanced back. He had sunk into his arm chair, his arms held out to me and his voice rings in my ears ever since as he cried;

" 'Montrésor, my wife, my darling, don't desert me now.' "

With heartrending sobs Montresor fell down at my feet.

"You know the rest, mamma, how I had that awful dream." Then rising and holding her hands before her, she continued: "O mother, it was awful. I thought I was in the dark, black night, alone. Suddenly

I discovered I was standing on the verge of a fathomless chasm, then there seemed to be a lurid light that lit up this fearful bottomless pit, and as, with strained eyes gazed into it, I saw a precipice, and on the dizzy height stood Harold holding Arnold in his arms and they seemed to be falling. Little Arnold held out his arms to me and cried: 'Mamma save us.' With a scream of horror I awoke. I caught my darling baby in my arms, for he was sleeping peacefully by my side.

"Then I thought of all I had done. The horror of my desertion of Harold came over me. I knew my dream had been sent to show me my duty to my husband; I felt I had been a coward to forsake him. I would go to him and take Arnold. I

would help him in his misery; he and I would face the world together; I would persuade him to give up everything to save his honor, and then we could begin life again, and I would try to be a better wife, a truer woman.

"O God! you know the rest, mother dear. I went to find my husband dying; my remorse had come too late, I could not save him. O mother! mother! will God ever forgive me for this wrong, for forsaking Harold when he needed me so badly?"

My poor Montrésor! Her sobs are heart rending, my own tears fall in agony. I say:

"My darling, God's will be done. We cannot tell the why or wherefore of this fearful cross. Try and be brave; live for

your son, and thank God you were at least able to console poor Harold's last hours. He knew you had returned to him, he knew you loved and pitied him. Harold was weak, he was easily tempted; he may have been taken to escape some greater sorrow. Let us find consolation in the knowledge that he was spared long enough to think and repent, and have you and Arnold with him when he died."

Harold's affairs have been settled. It was satisfactorily proved that he was not guilty of criminal intention. He was the victim of that unscrupulous monster Weaver, who was convicted of his crimes and punished as he deserved. All of Harold's property was turned over to satisfy the unfortunate victims of the false deal.

Montrésor's wedding settlement, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, remains to her, and "Braeside," Harold's gift to Arnold at his birth, is his. Harold left a letter to Arnold, to be given him when he is twenty-one, also one to me and Montrésor. I copy them both for this record:

"Braeside"

March 10th, 9 p. m.

To Mrs. Warberton,

My honored little mother:

"I leave my wife and son to you. God help you and spare you to care for them. I have given up all I possess to meet the demands of the wolves who hound me. Mother, I am, thank God, guilty of no crime. I, standing in the face of death, swear I

am guiltless of any intention to wrong my fellow men. I have, in my mad desire to accumulate wealth, been led into schemes of the fraudulence of which I was totally ignorant. Oh, my kind friend, dear mother, if I had only turned to you for counsel, if I had only listened to your wisdom, I might have saved my honor and self respect. Help my dear wife, guide and teach my son to be a man. Teach him above all things honor and truth, and God grant him a noble manhood.

"Forgive my follies and my crimes, and try to think as kindly as you can of

"Harold."

"Braeside"

March 11th, 1 a. m.

"Montrésor! Beloved wife,

"My boyhood's dream, my manhood's ambition:

"Have mercy, forgive my wrongs to you, and try to think kindly of one who, though erring and neglectful of his vows, has always loved and cherished your dear image in his heart.

"O God, too late I realize my folly; too late I know the agony of the forfeit paid by the loss of your love and your respect; Be merciful, try to think of me tenderly; and now, standing on the verge of eternity, I swear, never since that day last year at 'Braeside' when you scorned my offered flowers and taunted me so bitterly with

my folly and neglect, have I been disloyal to you, in thought or deed. I never saw Mademoiselle Claire afterwards. My lawyers settled with her. I have tried to convince you of this, darling, but you would not listen to me. I do not blame you, I understand better now why you refused me reconciliation. No wife can forgive a husband's unfaithfulness to her, he should not expect it. O Montrésor, forgive me that I speak of this, but if ever just vengeance fell on an unworthy head, it fell on mine that night when in your madness you declared de Brabon more to you than me. Wife! thank God I had the power to drag myself away. A moment longer and the demon in me would have made me strangle you to death, and yet I had made you

suffer a far worse pang, for you knew my guilt, I knew your madness was only folly.

"My darling, I do not ask you to mourn me. For our dear child's sake be generous and do not teach him to despise his father. Teach him to be a noble man, God fearing and honorable. For your own sake, wife—mine yet, thank God—avoid de Brabon, he is unworthy of you. He is a gentleman, 'tis true, as the world goes, but he belongs as I did, to that class of man who holds one standard for himself, another for his wife. Oh, could I live now I'd trample such monsters from the face of the earth. You are young, dear, precious, noble Montrésor, I do not ask or wish to have you spend your life alone. Marry when your heart dictates, but choose well.

"My time is up! At four I finish this existence, so short lived but so full of folly and bitterness.

"I have arranged all my affairs. Let Sandy give all papers to my lawyers. Everything must go. At least for Arnold's and your sake I'll save my honor.

"Your marriage settlement of course is yours, and safe; also 'Braeside' belongs to our precious child. Oh, how the memory of that day comes over me, when I held my son in my arms and gave thanks that you were safe. I deeded then 'Braeside,' my favorite home, to my boy; thank God I did so.

"You will no longer be rich, my wife, but I pray peace and happiness may yet be yours.

"My regret now is, that I did not tell you and little mother earlier of my misfortunes. Perhaps if I had done so I might have been restored to your love and confidence.

"My wife, I cannot give you up and live. I die with your name on my lips. God bless my wife and child.

"Your broken hearted

"Harold."

Fairbrooks, Kent, England.

June 27th.

Montrésor and I have returned to England. We have given up all other homes and are living in Kent, near the coast. Our household consists of Montrésor, Arnold, and faithful Abigail as housekeeper, and

Sandy, our factotum. The only other members from our American home are the mastiff "Leo," and Pete, the colored boy, Arnold's servant. We are a very quiet and united family. The shadows of our late tragedy still hang over us, and poor Harold's fate must always be a sorrowful remembrance. But I am glad to see my darling Montrésor look brighter and I hope some day she will marry and enjoy a happier life

We have been here two years. Arnold is past ten, he goes to the vicarage to school. The rector, Dr. Bairns, has a class of lads about his age, and he is happy and quite a scholar. I think our boy gives promise of sterling intelligence.

Our nearest neighbors are the Carring-

tons. Grandville's sisters are all married, he and his mother occupy the old home alone. I sometimes think that both Grandville and his mother hope Montrésor will some day accept the post of mistress there.

Lady Mary Rossmore Beardsley is enjoying a happy old age. Sir James Warberton is dead. His son is baronet.

We have never heard from Harold's mother since his death. She is the countess de Viévé.

I see my dear ones, Montrésor and Arnold, coming across the lawn. Grandville Carrington is with them. Montrésor is very lovely to-day. She has on a white frock, and carries her hat on her arm, it is full of roses. I will ring and have tea brought in.

Oh, this beautiful English twilight. How lovely everything looks this summer evening in June. It is the twenty-seventh, and my thirty-ninth anniversary. I had forgotten it, but Montrésor and Arnold remembered. They have loaded me with flowers, my pretty sitting room is quite a bower.

We have had tea. Arnold has gone for a walk with Leo and Pete. Montrésor and Grandville Carrington have just left me. They have made me very happy, for Montrésor has consented to be Grandville's wife. They will be married next fall. Grandville is a noble fellow. I am sure my darling will be safe and happy in his care. He has promised to look after Arnold's education, and will be his guardian.

He will have him educated to be an American citizen, and encourage him to devote his life and honor to his country, and by his acts redeem the mistakes of his poor father.

This is as it should be. I want Arnold to fill the place his poor father should have had, devoting his best energies to his native land; live to be an honorable, true-hearted American.

Good night, my heart is weary. I hear my husband's voice calling. "Arnold, I come."

June 28th.

Little mother is gone. Grandville, Arnold and I returned to kiss her good night. We found her sleeping (as we thought) in her chair amid the flowers we

gave her. In her lap is her favorite book, Frances Havergal's poems. Her dear finger marks the verse:

"UNDER HIS SHADOW."

"That part is finished! I lay down my pen,
And wonder if the thoughts will flow as fast
Through the more difficult defile. For the last
Was easy, and the channel deeper there.
My Master, I will trust Thee for the rest;
Give me just what Thou wilt, and that
Will be my best."

Little mother, though I weep for thee I will not wish thee back. Thy life has had many weary shadows and sad disappointments. I would not bid thee stay, for thou hast gone to thy dear ones in Heaven.

Montrésor.

THE END.